

The Beaver

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS STUDENTS' UNION

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Blood and glass in drunken LSE brawl

Nicola Hobday
Teresa Delaney

A man required 12 stitches to a face wound after being glassed in Houghton Street in an incident involving LSE students.

Eye witnesses claim the trouble began when two groups of men started shouting abuse at each other outside the Royal Bank of Scotland close to the Aldwych just before midnight on 14 October.

One of those on the scene claimed a man - who had been drinking with a second year friend - lashed out with a beer glass striking the victim just above the eye.

Whether he was acting in self defence, or simply being aggressive is unclear. The victim was taken to hospital to get treatment, having lost a lot of blood.

A passer-by tried to calm the situation but was punched by one of those involved in the disturbance.

His assailant was forcibly restrained by police officers who were by now on the scene. The man was hit several times with truncheons.

A Metropolitan Police spokesman confirmed that a nineteen year old male from Doncaster had been arrested and taken to Charing Cross police station.

He was bailed to reappear there next month following further inquiries.

The incident heightens anxieties about the security of the Three Tuns. Although the incident didn't take place directly on LSE property, it appears those involved had been drinking there earlier.

The violence is just the latest in a string of disturbances which seem to emanate from the bar.

Just before Easter there was a huge brawl which one witness described as resembling "a bar room fight straight out of a western."

The cheap drink prices attract a lot of students especially on a Friday night, when the Underground also holds a disco.

A private security firm is employed to check who goes in, though some fear the cramped surroundings and boozy atmosphere can only lead to problems.

The trouble comes at a bad time for the Tuns which is currently applying for a Friday night bar extension to one am.

Despite the latest incident and fears over safety, custom is unlikely to decline. As one regular put it: "Despite the other night, I still feel that the Three Tuns is a far safer - and cheaper - place to be, than much of the surrounding area."

For legal reasons we are unable to name the individuals involved in the story.

Additional reporting by Philip Gomm and Steve Roy.



Charing Cross police station, where the alleged assailant was taken after the incident in Houghton Street.

Photo: Anna Shorter

Racist attack on new student

Beaver Staff

A first year boy was viciously beaten outside Rosebery Hall last week in what appears to have been a racist attack.

The overseas student received a black eye and broken front teeth in the unprovoked incident, which took place while he was making a late night phone call.

The boy was allegedly approached by a group of three skinheads who asked him the time. Before he could respond, the three youths beat him to the ground.

Urgent talks are taking place between the Student Union Welfare Officer Vini Ghatate and the Rosebery Hall President to see what can be done to avoid future incidents.

Already planned is a series of talks by a police officer on how to tackle racist confrontations. This will take place during Unity Week later this term.

The Welfare Office has also agreed to contribute £100 to the student's dental bill.

The police are currently investigating the matter.

Computing dept in trouble

Toby Childs

The strife ridden Information Technology department staggered towards fresh trouble this week with a sharp division of views over the introduction of a new course.

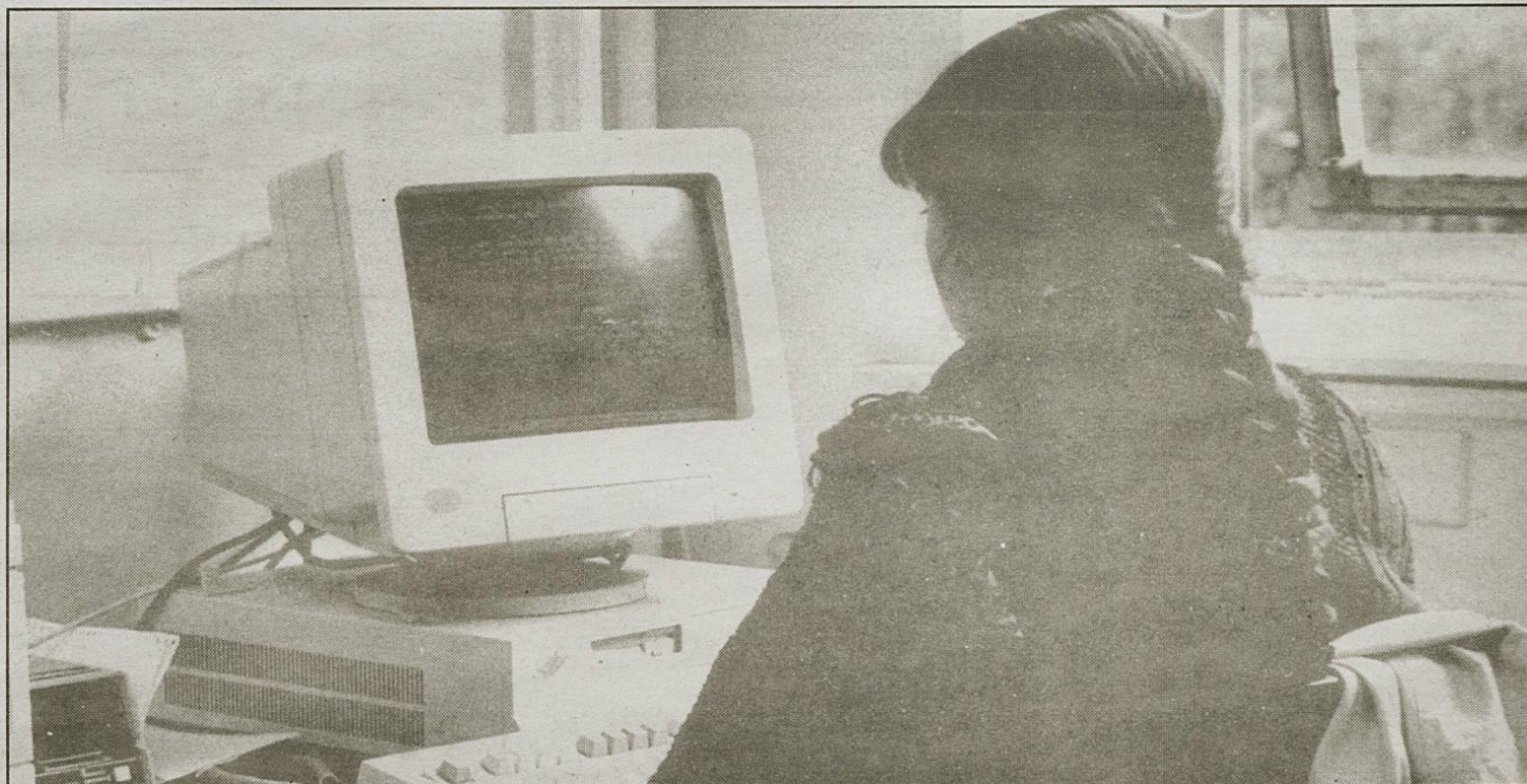
120 Masters students have expressed a strong interest in the course - "Global Consequences of Information Technology (IT)" - but the School has not created the necessary teaching posts to run it.

Frustrated proponents of the course attack what they see as the absence of enthusiasm and innovation within the school bureaucracy.

They see the School as ideally placed to take advantage of a "window of opportunity" which will be irrevocably lost if it does not respond to the "technological revolution."

There is a danger of complacency which they believe will leave the school moribund like "established Oxbridge."

LSE is reputedly the leading IT centre in Europe, rivaling the dominance of US institutions, but failure to keep pace with the "explosive" pace of technological advance will deter potential sponsors and research grants.



The Information Technology department has come under increasing criticisms in recent weeks.

Photo: Anna Shorter

The course designers appreciate their application is not perfectly timed - with the start of the new year - but believe the School is less than helpful in its assistance, especially in its effort to secure staff.

The problem is that no inter-

nal student has a PhD qualifying him to teach and the School seems reluctant to provide a post for an outside applicant.

The School allegedly fails to appreciate that given the pace of development there are very few qualified staff available - if progress

is to be made then it must come from the department and Masters students.

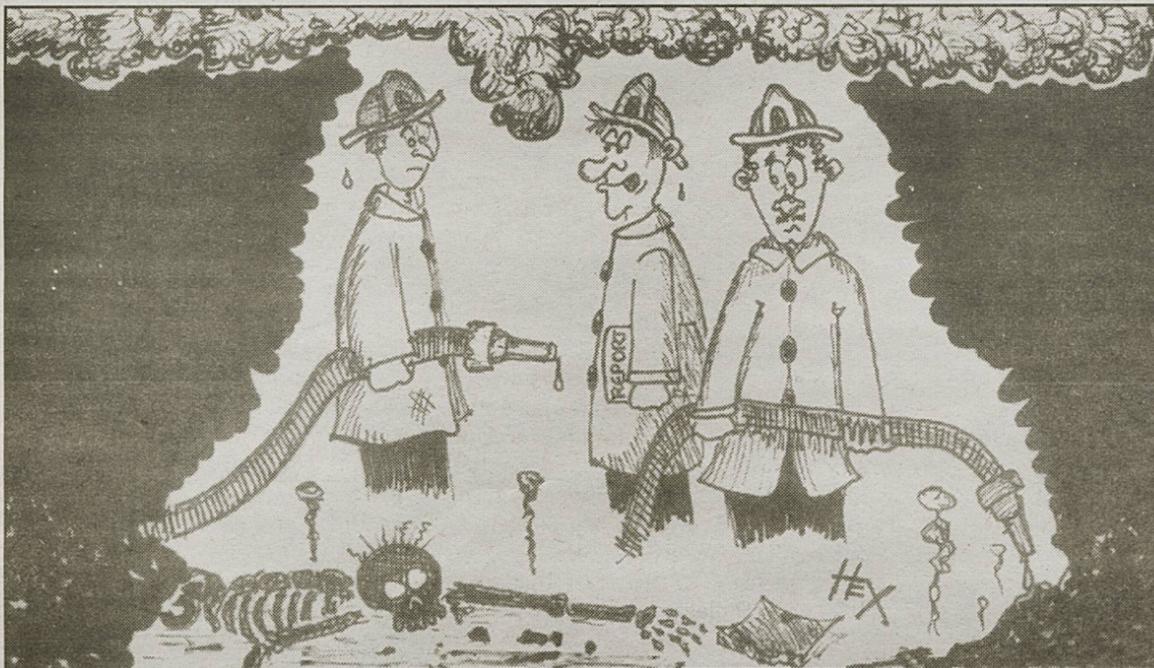
People involved in the scheme are annoyed by the remote attitude of the authorities to the department's work. Whilst the delays and wrangling continue vital

projects are being lost and the position of the School is becoming evermore perilous.

It has not been a happy year for the IT department. Equipment has been stolen, whilst there has been confusion over the Advanced IT course.

False fire frenzy

Alarm sounds no reaction from students



"THEY SAY HE DIED TRYING TO MAKE IT TO HIS NEXT CLASS."

Dan Madden

A fire alarm in the Old Building last week has sparked off a blaze of controversy. The false alarm on Tuesday was caused by a student breaking the glass on an alarm point on the fourth floor.

Emergency procedures state that porters should evacuate the building, showing students the nearest fire exits. This did not happen.

Students in the Shaw Library waited several minutes before starting to leave the room. A member of staff showed students

to the exit and the evacuation began.

As students made their way down the fire escape they were joined by members of the Brunch Bowl staff, whilst the majority of students in the dining area continued eating their lunches seemingly unaware of what the bell signified.

As students and staff continued they were met by a porter coming up the stairs who claimed it was "only a drill" and advised them to: "Go back inside." Then minutes later he told the returning students to evacuate the building.

Many students complained

they had not been made aware of what to do in the case of a fire. A number of first years were also confused as to whether the bell was an alarm for a security matter or a fire. Tuesday's incident has highlighted the fact that many students are painfully unaware of the correct fire procedures.

Buildings Officer, Geoff Wilson, believed that the students "should all be able to recognise a fire bell", but conceded that there was room for improvements.

Wilson has promised to look in to the matter. An official complaint has been lodged with the School by the Students' Union.

And there's more of IT...

Helen Jamieson

The LSE has been the victim of more computer theft. Two laser printers and two Apple Macs have been stolen from the International History department in the East Building. Anxious calls have been made for an effective increase in security at the LSE.

Two computers and one printer were stolen from the department on 11 October.

Bin liners which had previously been in the room were also missing - leading to suggestions that they were used to hide equipment whilst getting it past security.

Last Monday another laser printer was taken from the same department - this time the thieves had kicked or axed their way through the bottom panel of a locked door to reach their target.

During that night a laser printer was found disconnected in St. Clements building. Apparently the theft had been disturbed and the exercise abandoned.

The thefts come at a time when maintaining the security of technological equipment in universities is a national problem. The numbers of people entering and leaving such establishments through many different entrances and exits at unusual times make security quite a headache.

Harry Edwards, facilities manager at LSE, is confident that

management are now "taking all the precautions they can". Despite this assurance the latest incidents come on top of other security errors, including one where a loop alarm failed to alert porters of a theft.

It is rumoured that police are unwilling to investigate incidents at the School until they are happy that enough precautions are being taken by the LSE authorities.

An increase in the number of security staff would not, Edwards insists, be of much use - the thieves are obviously familiar with the layout of LSE and would merely have to watch for approaching security patrols.

Management are currently investigating the feasibility of issuing security cards to students and staff which would provide restricted electronic access to certain areas of the school.

The card system would bring LSE into line with other London universities such as King's College where security card access to areas containing computer equipment is already in operation.

The project could be costly and objections are expected from both academics and students on the grounds that identity cards would be an infringement of personal rights.

If students do see any suspicious behaviour (preferably in connection with computer theft) phone LSE's emergency number: 666.

Judd attacks West

Richard Hearnden

The Director of the LSE, Dr John Ashworth, took the chair for the School's annual Founders' Day Lecture given by Lord Judd.

Speaking on Thursday evening, the Labour peer drew on his experience as director of Oxfam and dealings with various agencies of the United Nations in his hour-long speech delivered to many distinguished LSE alumni.

Calling for a new world order, Lord Judd cited the millions wasted on peace-keeping exercises in Rwanda, Somalia and Angola, when the West was contributing "a mere \$54bn to the third world."

The UN itself came in for the most criticism. Judd said: "The organisation is, at times, nothing more than a fig-leaf for the interests of the US government."

He continued: "The United Nations is, contrary to its founding objectives, a glorified Red Cross, picking up the pieces of various preventable conflicts."

"There is a massacre waiting to happen in Burundi, and instead of the

UN voting to withdraw its troops as it did in Rwanda, it should strengthen the fragile peace there, not wait for a war to start."

With the fiftieth anniversary of the UN coinciding with the centenary of the founding of the LSE, Lord Judd drew upon some parallels.

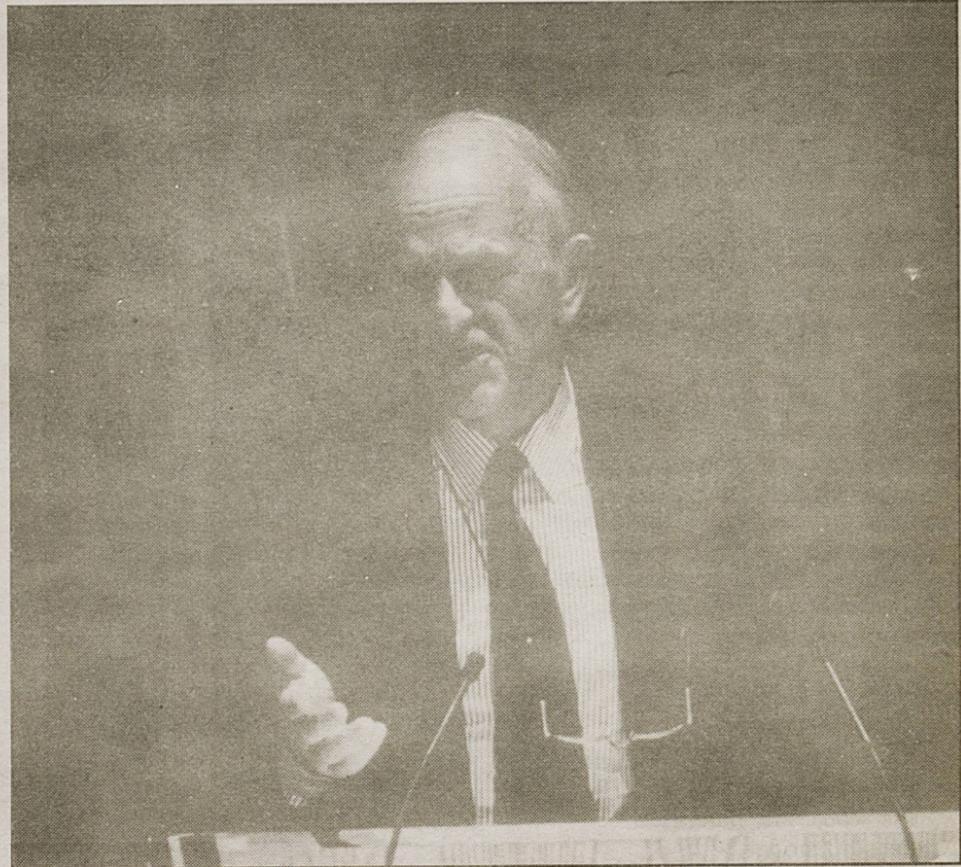
"Both were founded in order to understand social problems and to remedy them as a neutral onlooker."

In criticising the current state of charitable aid to the third world, the former MP, who in his glory days was once editor of *The Beaver*, attacked the private, public, and voluntary sectors for not adopting an integrated approach to the world's problems by maintaining a "that is not our role" stance.

However, it was the plea that those organisations with an interest in the third world work together which brought some criticism from an otherwise delighted audience.

One source told *The Beaver* that "charity should begin at home"; another said that "Frank [Judd] was being as idealistic as ever."

The lecture concluded with a reception in the Founders' Room, where some tasty treats were served up to the varied guests.



Lord Judd, speaking in the Old Theatre last week.

Photo: Nigel Boyce

Lewis & the Aldwych

Nick Sutton

The first meeting of the Aldwych Group, the student equivalent of the Russell Group, an elite group of about 10 universities, was held at LSE last week.

Student Union Presidents from four of the institutions believed to be affected - Imperial College, Manchester, Cambridge and LSE - met as part of the first stage in the formulation of a coherent response to the Russell Group.

Although the intentions of the Russell Group are far from clear, there have been many rumours about their plans. These are thought to include the contentious issue of top-up fees, breaking away from national pay bargaining and applications procedures, and maintenance of the existing system of research funding.

Dr John Ashworth, Director of the LSE, has dismissed allegations that the School plans to break away from the existing structure. His claim is supported by the Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University, who has said that rumours of top-up fees and breakaway are false; and the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University who is reported as having said there was "nothing sinister" in their meetings.

It is nevertheless apparent, in an age when there are around 100 British uni-

versities, that there is a desire by some institutions to make clear their differences from the masses. As Dr Ashworth wrote in an article earlier this year - these institutions face "great pressure . . . to develop distinctive identities compatible with their distinctive purposes."

The difficulty in knowing exactly what the plans of the Russell Group are is undoubtedly a hindrance to the Aldwych Group, but it is hoped that in the next few weeks, more will become clear about their objectives.

As Martin Lewis, General Secretary of the LSE Students' Union, and the coordinator of the Aldwych Group said, "It is vitally important that this group continues to meet in order to discuss, debate and inform each other . . . and to enable us to best support our students whenever the revelations about the 'Ivy League' of British universities come to light."

It is clear that the Students' Unions affected will be ready to act - regular meetings have been arranged around the country for the next six weeks.

The Presidents of the Students Unions involved clearly want to ensure that they are fully prepared for any future upheavals in the structure of British higher education.



Some of the posters on display during the Safer Sex Awareness Campaign. Photo: Anna Shorter

Regretted rape?

Laure Beaufilet

As part of the Safer Sex Awareness Campaign, a talk on "date rape" by a female police surgeon was given at the LSE last Thursday.

Date rape is a very controversial subject, particularly topical because of the recent case at Kings, where a male student was acquitted of raping a fellow student.

The source of the controversy stems from the fact that there are a huge number of date rape claims, some of which are false (the "cry wolf" syndrome). It is claimed that this makes the relationship between men and women more tense, and obviously begs questions such as: "Is there rape when the two parties are drunk and one of them does not fully consent?" To reject the idea of date rape is even more dangerous: the problem is very real and threatening, and should be treated as such.

The question addressed on Thursday was really: "Is there such a thing as date rape?" Several ideas were discussed, Dr Roden arguing that the notion of date rape is extremely dangerous. There is rape, which necessarily includes date rape, and then there is "regretted sex".

The danger of confusing date rape and regretted sex is that it can either ruin the lives of a lot of young men with false

allegations, or ruin the lives of a lot of women with obvious serious emotional repercussions. Coining the term "date rape" trivialises the rape, "frivolises it", as Dr Roden said, and brings it to a lesser level.

Dr Roden went on to discuss the procedures and the legal changes introduced with the treatment of rape cases. For instance, she made a distinction between forceful and forcible sex.

The former is the kind that you or I might sometimes enjoy, while the latter is imposed upon someone.

The two, whilst obviously very different, are not necessarily very easy to differentiate clinically.

She also explained the improvements in the legal system (how a court is not allowed to look into the previous sexual history of a rape victim anymore), and the police system (a rape victim is followed by the same woman police officer from the time of the complaint to that of the trial in order to give her comfort and security).

The talk in general was very interesting, sometimes even moving with the doctor's account of certain cases she had followed.

The only setback was the very poor attendance. Is this representative of the LSE student body's concern with safe sex and date rape?

Bankside gets the go-ahead from Southwark

The development of a new LSE hall of residence will go ahead as planned following an 'extraordinarily lively debate' at a meeting of Southwark Borough Council last Tuesday, writes Alan Davies.

Planning permission was granted for the development of Bankside House by a vote of 5-4, subject to the completion of a Section 106 legal agreement. It is expected that under this agreement - the wording of which is still to be agreed - the School will be obliged to ensure that efforts are made to attract tourists to the hall during vacation periods.

Michael Arthur, the School's Site Development and Services Officer, described himself as "mightily relieved" following the granting of the planning permission. The Student Union congratulated the school on its move to house an increasing proportion of students within LSE accommodation.

The spaciousness of Bankside House means that the 576 bedrooms - over 95% of which will be single rooms - will be generously sized. There is also likely to be a wine bar or restaurant facility in the hall, open to both students and the public, with the possibility of a gymnasium.

Conversion work on the building will begin in January 1995 and completion of the hall is expected by September 1996.

Union Jack

Jack felt sure that she had turned up at the wrong place on Thursday. Being a couple of minutes late in, Jack was unable to find herself a seat in the usually vacuous spaces of the Old Theatre. Jack began to ponder upon this bizarre situation.

Was it to do with the annual Cyprus extravaganza? Or perhaps to do with the hustings for Honorary President? Maybe, perchance, the fact that Nick Dearden's grandfather has decided to join the SWP and sit with him in the UGM to stop all those bullies making him cry?

Alas, it was none of these. The cause for this massive swelling of the ranks, no doubt likely to promote Socialist Worker posters proclaiming the imminent revolution, was the presence of two particularly unappealing men carrying heavy loads. No, Jack does not mean James Atkinson and Alexander Vivian Ellis, but the camera crew from BBC's Around Westminster. The vanity of students, and particularly of those with unrealistic and sadly naive political ambitions, is something which never ceases to amaze Jack.

This week's spectacular got off to the less than inspiring start of Returning Officer Tom Greatrex reading out the candidates for next week's elections. He was at least able to make Jack laugh, by disqualifying Viv Ellis' nomination for Postgraduate and Mature Students' Officer because of his being "an immature undergraduate."

The hustings for Honorary President presented the LSE student body with the usual array of famous, infamous, sad and worthy candidates for the dubious honour. Gary Delaney was suitably minimalistic in his speech proposing Mick Jagger, whilst Chris Parry gave the sort of performance that Jack has come to expect from a stupid, overweight long-haired idiot from Scotland in seriously proposing that Carlos the Jackal be nominated as Honorary President.

The real business of the UGM got underway with the usual Sabbatical reports, followed by an emergency procedural vote to allow the annual jamboree of the Cyprus motion to be "debated". It has become something of an annual event for all the Turkish and Greek students of the LSE to congregate in a mutually convenient place to attack each other. This year, though, those cunning Cypriots brought the motion forward two weeks in order to catch the cameras. This at least saved Jack from the rumoured Baljit Mahal soliloquy about how he is guilty of nothing, merely a victim of circumstance.

So there it was, the Cyprus motion in all its glory. The obvious crowding of the meeting resulted in the sort of chaos which gave the LSE Students' Union its revered status. Nobody appeared to know what exactly it was they were doing, especially the speakers. Indeed, one was so bemused that he decided to sit on the stage anyway, even when other people were speaking. More than once the furrowed brow of James Atkinson broke into a sweat as he had to make the huge effort to get out of his chair and switch the microphone off. The row degenerated into personal attacks between the big gormless bloke who works in the Union Shop and one of his fellow citizens as to what it was he said three years ago in a conversation in The Tuns. In the end, after a card vote, the Cyprus motion was passed. This made little sense to Jack, because it was passed last year and the policy stands for at least another two years anyway.

And that was it. The UGM which was chosen to be recorded forever in the vaults of John Birt's wine cellar was one of the most chaotic, crowded and childish that Jack has seen in all her many years at the LSE. There was no joke Tory motion, no SWSS motion and no questions-to-be-asked-but-not-answered-of-Sabbaticals. Oh, if only all UGMs were this good...

The US and Haiti

Dana Johnson takes a lingering look at US foreign policy and offers his considered opinion

The US President Bill Clinton continues to delineate an ambiguous American foreign policy predicated on confusion and disarray. The disastrous policies toward Bosnia, Somalia and North Korea are the most proverbial examples today. The problem is the lack of leadership, direction and focus. It is as if Mr Clinton wants foreign policy to dictate for itself an ingenious agenda for each new season. Mr Clinton needs to define America's concept of "National Interest" and what interest it will serve in order to create a more cohesive foreign policy.

When Bill Clinton was elected to the Presidency, he was elected because of his emphasis on internal stability. Mr Clinton portrayed Mr Bush as a foreign policy expert who was out of touch with the American people. Clinton promised moderate US intervention defined in terms of multilateralism. He would vigorously advocate human rights and democratic governments in places where both are virtually non-existent. Mr Clinton would press the Chinese by making the erroneous decision of linking Trade (MFN status) to human rights which amounted to an oblivious agenda.

According to Joseph Fewsmith, Associate Professor of International Relations and Director of the East Asian Interdisciplinary studies program at Boston University, "Human rights inevitably became defined in terms of the high-profile dissidents released from prison instead of the well-being of the majority of citizens" One can infer that the American goal of promoting and protecting human rights is undermined by the Chinese through continuous violations of International Law.

On the positive side, the US Labour Department reported that job growth was robust in September when the unemployment rate fell to 5.9% down from 6.1% in August. Still, the manifold issues that plague America motivate the President to concentrate on domestic renewal (e.g. Health Care).

The over-emphasis on internal stability prevents his ability to cope with the problems of the International Arena. David Hendrickson, Associate Professor of Political Science at Colorado College, describes here the significance of the Clinton administration's inept foreign policy aims:

"This pattern of behaviour has had two bad consequences. First, America has lost prestige abroad, stemming from the realisation in foreign capitals that American policy cannot be taken at face value or need not be taken seriously (because, as JP Morgan said of the market, it fluctuates).

The second is the effect on US public opinion. The likely effect of an administration that repeatedly fails its own litmus test is a further deepening of the insularity of the American people and its

Media coverage

Beaver Staff

Thursday's Union General Meeting was the best attended this term. The filming of the meeting by the BBC attracted a huge crowd of students. The visit of the cameras coincided with the annual Cyprus debate, in which dozens of students who never normally attend the UGM come to argue whether Turkey should withdraw from Cyprus.

The Old Theatre quickly became stand-



John F Kennedy, subject of an Oliver Stone motion picture, and notorious womaniser. As President of the United States, he too faced foreign policy difficulties
Photo: Sunil Shah

propensity for International disengagement."

These so called patterns of behaviour give Clinton's foreign policy a plethora of internationalism which fails to achieve its multilateral goals.

The Clinton administration's debacle with Haiti is a quintessential example. For almost three years, economic trade sanctions were being imposed on Haiti by the US-led international community. The goal was to oust the military regime headed by Generals Raoul Cedras and Philippe Biamby.

Instead of punishing Haiti's thuggish potentates, the masses were left destitute. The irony is despite America's refusal to grant political asylum to most Haitians, America is largely responsible for the economic condition brought upon most Haitians.

Consequently, Florida was completely overwhelmed by the surging influx of Haitian refugees during the political crisis. The demise of the military regime in Haiti was acknowledged officially October 12, 1994 when Haiti's military-backed President resigned.

For the Clinton administration, the recent resignation of Haiti's President gives the American Presidency a much better image than a year earlier with the implacably faced Clinton discussing the deaths of

US soldiers in Somalia.

Now, with Reverend Jean-Bertrand's recent return to Haiti, the country's President has neither chosen a cabinet nor revealed his political agenda. This is the same man the White House has been prodding who is allegedly supposed to have mental problems. Nevertheless he will not have the same legitimacy and sovereignty of a proper democratically elected government. This creates internal instability in Haiti. Also, the resistance to Father Aristide among the Haitian military remains so strong that US armed forces are being placed there for security reasons.

One White House senior official commented on US foreign policy by saying: "We make commitments, we stand by these commitments, and it brings us results." I would refute the statements by questioning all three.

First, one must define commitment in order to understand the concept and what interest it will serve.

Second, one must define "stand by these commitments" because we could be talking in military terms, political terms and even environmental terms.

Lastly, what type of results does America want, and not "it brings us results" because the result could be anything and everything which is the type of ambiguity the US does not need.

**IF YOU HAVE A
STORY FOR THE
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ing room only, as the filming of "Around Westminster" prompted one of the most passionate debates witnessed for many months.

The camera crew were shown no mercy as they were pelted with paper and at one point were caught in general 'crossfire'. The Turkish motion was passed, as it has been for the past few years. However, whether the powerful voice of the LSE Union carries any weight with the appropriate authorities is open to debate.

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Martin Lewis General Secretary

Well I've just come out of a hectic and packed UGM, with all the starlets (myself included) performing for the camera's. The result, this weeks UGM will be shown on BBC2's Around Westminster at 1:30 on Sunday 23rd. October. And now for my report.

Actions On Mandates From Passed Motions.

1. Criminal Justice Bill: I cannot make an appointment for Peter Brooke (MP's) surgery to picket it, as I do not live in his constituency. If you live in Westminster and City, and are willing to help, please get in touch.

2. Senate House Library. I wrote an initial letter to the librarian, and then represented the UGM's views at the Library committee.

There are 1100 places allocated for LSE students at Senate House library, this number seems adequate when compared to the standard usage of past years. The problem seem to stem from the criteria set up to decide who are allowed usage.

The library are sending me the criteria to examine. I would like to set up a user group of any students interested in examining the rules and making suggestions for improvement. I really need volunteers for this, so come and see me and I will give you the details on how to get involved. Once we have made our suggestions, we will informally take them back to the library and see what solutions the library and the Students' Union can come up with together.

For further information, those students who complained that what they want is somewhere to use the study resources of the library; you may use the facilities (without taking books out) of any of the University of London college libraries, by just showing your BLPES card. So for students in the Bloomsbury (Carr-Saunders, Passfield) area why not try UCL library if you can't get into Senate House.

3. The "Russell Group": I organised a meeting of the Senior sabbaticals of all the Student Unions of institutions involved in the potential breakaway Universities. We met her at LSE on Monday night. Imperial, Cambridge, University Of London, LSE and Manchester Students' Unions all sent at least one delegate. The discussion centred around gathering information and opinions, and how to take the issue further amongst Students' Unions.

The Group is to be named the "Aldwych Group" and is to meet regularly to discuss the issue and the problems that affect the Students' Unions of prestigious Academic institutions.

To finish if you have a problem or any suggestions about the Students' Union or LSE in General, then come & see you. I'll either help, or send you to someone who can, my office number is E205, and my telephone 071 955 7147 (internal number 7147). Have a good week!

P.S. Those students who want to examine Senate House access criteria, I really need your help.

LSESU '94 MICHAELMAS TERM ELECTIONS

The candidates may appear in a different order on the ballot papers

Honorary President (1 place)

Michael (Mick) Jagger	A Man of Wealth & Taste
Carlos the Jackal	Middle East States man & LSE Alumni
Mother Theresa	
John Hume	LSE Labour Club
Yitzak Rabin & Yasser Arafat	Towards Peace in the Middle East
Alan Clark	Historian Diarist & Privy Councillor

Hon. Vice-President (1 place)

Kevin Keegan & Ron Atkinson	Services Rendered to the Glorious Game
The Hon. Alan B'Stard MP	
Obscenely Rich, Womanising Tory MP	
John Smith	
(In Memorium)	LSE Labour Club

Court of Governors (5 places)

Nick Fletcher	Independent
Omer Soomio	
Raj Jethwa	LSE Labour Club
Justin Deaville	Independent
Nick Kirby	Independent
Chris Dylan Parry	LSE Internationl Independent
Adam Morris	Ind. Conservative
Claire Lawrie	Student Issues First
Philip Tod	Liberal Democrat
Ron Voce	Independent (Editor of Student Union Newspaper)
Francisca Malaree	LSE Labour Club
Jason Waddle	LSE Alliance Against Alexander Vivian Ellis
Alexander Ellis	Conservative

Postgraduate & Mature Students Officer (1 place)

Chris Dylan Parry	Independent Mature Student
David Ferguson	LSE Labour Club
Simon McKeon	
Jolyon Silversmith	Liberal Democrat

External Communications Committee (2 places)

Billy Bratton	Student Issues First
Florian Hoffman	LSE Labour Club
Ron Voce	Independent (Editor of Student Union Newspaper)
Marcel von Wendland	Liberal Democrat
Hector Birchwood	Conservative

Catering Services Advisory Committee (4 places)

James Atkinson	Independent (Who Ate All The Pies?)
Suchede Mektone	Liberal Democrat
Solinee Srivordhome	Liberal Democrat
Hector Birchwood	Conservative

ALL ELECTED UNOPPOSED

University of London General Union Council (6 places)

Nick Fletcher	Independent
Oliver Stevens	Independent
Teresa Delaney	LSE Labour Club
Yuan Potts	Liberal Democrat
Gidon Koch	
Pam Keenan	Student Issues First
Tomos Grace	LSE Labour Club
Ola Budzinska	Totally independent
Martin Lewis	To Represent LSE Students at ULU
James Atkinson	Conservative
Samantha Means	Conservative

Careers Advisory Service Committee (9 places)

Oliver Stevens	Independent
Henrik Rammer	Independent
Christine Wright	Independent
Sarah Davis	LSE Lib - Democrats
Karen Lie	Student Issues First]
Peter Woodcock	LSE Labour Club
John McKendrick	Conservative
Micky Khurana	LSE Labour Club
Gareth Loggenberg	Conservative

ALL ELECTED UNOPPOSED

Committee on Accomodation (2 places)

Alison Renouf	LSE Labour Club
Caroline Hooton	Liberal Democrat
Richard Batley	Conservative

Inter-Halls Committee (1 place)

Philip Tod	Liberal Democrat
Bridget Fitzpatrick	LSE Labour Club
Tom Scott	Conservative

Library Committee (2 places)

Damian Thwaites	Liberal Democrat
Sarah Owen	Student Issues First
Siricheda Thongton	LSE Labour Club
Jason Waddle	Unfairly gagged by Union censorship
Simon Cawdery	Conservative

LSE Health Service (4 places)

Jonathon Bennett	LSE Labour Club
Teresa Delaney	LSE Labour Club
Michael Bartok	Conservative
Tony Armstrong	Liberal Democrat

ALL ELECTED UNOPPOSED

Nursery Committee (1 place)

No candidates, place remains vacant

Safety Committee (3 places)

Peter Woodcock	LSE Labour Club
Yuan Potts	Liberal Democrat
Barry Jones	Conservative

ALL ELECTED UNOPPOSED

Site Development Committee (2 places)

Mark Deen	Canadian & Liberal Democrat
Henrik Rammer	Independent
Sam Gould	LSE Labour Club
Christopher Ingoldby	Conservative

There was supposed to be space for something on how the STV system works, but there isn't space. Please read the ballot paper for instructions. If in doubt, ask!!!
Tom Greatrex Returning Officer



It's so easy anyone with a degree can do it!

Photo: John Santa Cruz



Morgan Stanley . . . has been one of the most successful of the US investment banks at establishing a European presence in recent years...

Financial Times, March 1992

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The Economist, February 1991

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Euroweek, May 1994

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Aldwych, London

at 6.30 pm

on Thursday 27th October, 1994

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Sexual Harassment Workshop for Women Students

What you can do about sexual harassment at University

Friday 4th November 1994

12:00-14:00

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**Busy
Beaver**

Guten Tag, mein frothy cappuccinos. BB has once again been circling the corridors, scouting the streets, and monitoring the metropolis that is Houghton Street. You lovelies are certainly getting back into the "schwing" of things, but remember that there's always room for improvement. So, without further ado, BB brings you some of the dirtiest, most sordid happenings from the past week or so.

Friday night in the Tuns was a bit of a non-starter, combining the usual fight, the occasional glassing, and the odd weirdo or two hanging tough like the New Kids on the Dance floor. A recipe for not much, one might think - and you'd be right. BB, however, put on his beer goggles and saw the light, as well as those who managed to get a tongue sarnie by 11 o'clock. DJ Dick Felcher, the man with the classic tunes, got his Nelly the Elephant (and the rest, allegedly) with a young woman by the name of Sausage Osborne. While this was happening, Il Vocé himself was kissing under the pale moonlight with a dodgy Irish woman called Sinéad Rogue. Vocé has kept very quiet about this, but BB was told that their encounters have been numerous - rendezvous locations include romantic spots such as La Club de Trois Tuns, la discotheque de Rosebery, and a concert - Vocé has even mentioned Wedding Presents. BB will keep you updated on this hot Beaver of a romance.

Perhaps the biggest event of the week was the Rosebery party. In true Rosebery tradition, the Hall turned into Fort Knox for the evening - the prison wardens being several of the largest, most foreign, most arrogant postgraduates, carefully selected for their clear English and winning personalities. After encountering the reception area, BB decided that an alcoholic beverage would be in order, and so spent the following half hour amid a bunch of Millwall fans who were trying to get to the bar (another Rosebery tradition). BB has never been one for football, but at least watching a match would be less tormenting than watching bottles of vodka and pints of beer. The man of the evening had to be Gen Sex, and boy was he looking sexy (some might even say 'camp') in his tight black number. The poor boy, trying to overcome his earlier upset of being dumped by Flares Lorry, was obviously aiming to attract the birds. Conversation just didn't work, so he had to turn to his next best hobby - grooving. In the words of Abba, he certainly had stolen the title of "Dancing Queen" from Sean 'Porn' Gollywog, who had held the prestigious award for several years. Amongst those who 'went down' with Gen Sex were his (alleged) fancy of last year and the more forward Gazza Delaney. BB would just like to warn Gen Sex that behind all that hair, Gazza is a bloke, and no strength of beer goggles should disguise this fact.

In a completely unrelated event, the first's succeeded in their attempts to emulate the second's double of last year, by completing a 'double' of their own, when they nicked two of Pieman Pooper's birds in a week. After the Sleaze's intervention of last week, this time it was Share-a Shandy's turn to perform. In true form, two pints of piss transformed him into LSE's very own Casanova, as he moved in on Molly. When confronted by Pieman, all he could say was "the shandy's weren't for me, they were for Jimmy." Pooper had a few words of his own, and was quoted as being "not a happy camper, all this f**king stress is making me lose my hair."

Anyway, BB has writers cramp, and will thus have to depart back to the pond that is the Three Tuns. Suffice to say that if you have any gossip about anyone within a mile radius of Houghton Street, drop me a note on a Beaver to my orifice.....

When is a Beaver not a Beaver?

David Whippe

The Beaver is a funny title for a newspaper which purports to have such a politically correct stance. The official reason for this name is the use of said animal as the mascot of the school, due to its personality traits which are said to represent the ideal student, ie. it is "hard working and gregarious." It is possible that, at the time of its inception, this seemed an extremely good analogy, yet in today's world it is quite unfortunate. It does, however, present the opportunity to discuss the profound effects of social change and the differing standards of acceptance which are incurred through progress and the passage of time. For example, it is hard to envisage the first Board of Governors sitting down and opting to call the student newspaper "The Snatch," or if the feminist lobby had their way, "The Female Genitalia." Little were they to know fifty years ago how the noun used to describe a harmless, furry, dam-building animal would be corrupted in the colloquial sense to its present meaning.

However, just because these people weren't to know the cost of their actions, this does not mean that I still do not hate them for creating such a stupid f**king name. In this modern day and age it presents a gift wrapped opportunity to all hilarious double entendre merchants, as well as giving us a whole host of problems, which we really do not want to deal with.

Firstly, there is the feminist lobby, who usually conveniently forget to engage their brains before speaking, and think that the name is just a reactionary anti-PC piss take, and demand that we're all strung up by the balls. Secondly, there is the smut aspect, whereby many misinformed people misconstrue our title and think that we are merely some incognito jazz mag. The final insult, though, is the constant demand for our adjudication as experts in the field in the continuing debate over whether the G-spot actually exists or not. I have heard hardened hacks and PR men crack up and piss themselves on the phone when informed that we work for the LSE Student Union newspaper, "The Beaver," and it is truly an effort explaining that it is not actu-

ally a publication devoted to researching the field of heightened sexual awareness. The number of grown middle-aged men who have shouted "Phwoar" or "Wahey" is quite sad and really defies belief. It is no wonder that we never win any awards, due to the fact that we are continually discounted at the starting blocks because our name is too smutty to print.

The only solution to this predicament must be to change the way we are going about things. One possible solution may be to alter our approach by acknowledging our name and just turning it into a gay pride mag, run and staffed by lesbians. This, however, might not be appropriate, as it would result in twenty shit pages weekly on why all men are bastards, and how we all have our brains in our trousers, and would ultimately lead to an even smaller readership than we presently possess. The alternative approach might just be to retain the present staff and content while changing to a completely different, and less demeaning name which might represent our approach and style in a more fitting manner. My personal suggestion would be "The Bell-end."

The LSE Top 10: W**kers

1. **Scouse Gardiner (caught on film)**
2. **Chris Cooper (floppy knob collector)**
3. **Alex Lowen (Blondie) (on the telephone)**
4. **Avi Shown-Keen (1993/4 jazzing king)**
5. **Dave Whippe (in flagrante delicto)**
6. **Wayne Rogers (relieving his tension)**
7. **James Barraclough (I want my pornos back)**
8. **Paul Schlagman (LSE's veteran tosspot)**
9. **Martin Lewis (No, it's fair!)**
10. **Balgit Mahal (enough said)**

Money talks, Bullshit walks

Ivor Snakespear

Most people in the Student's Union talk crap but our boy Bullshit has refined it to an art form. Although only just starting his second year he's already reached levels of unpopularity that Steve Peake would die for.

His only topics of conversation being the Union and the Labour Club, you'd think he'd know what he was talking about, but excrement is about as productive as he gets.

As a 'caring individual' he spoke on the Coalition against the Criminal Justice Bill Motion in the UGM, just managing to dive to give his speech ahead of the motions real proposers.

This was totally unrelated to the obvious popularity and electoral credibility of the motion. So when the week after he'd proposed the motion he was questioned on his failure to attend, he said it was because he was committed. I agree, he should be!

In last weeks Beaver however, he excused himself by saying 'it was the Gen Sec, who was mandated to support the motion and to promote LSE participation.' Well I may be a sad Beaver hack but even I know but if Bullshit had both-

ered to read his own motion, he may have realised that it mandated the Equal Opp's officer to promote the march and the whole Exec. (an organ which unfortunately for the other poor sods, Bullshit sits on) were mandated to attend. However let's not castigate him too much, he can hardly be expected to remember all the crap that he talks.

Perhaps he failed to understand 'cos this summer he missed the SU's Exec. training, as allegedly he said "I've been trained enough already". Yet do not worry the one session he did attend was the subsidised meal! He may talk bullshit, but unlike the General Secretary who let him go, he isn't 'stupid', he got his freebies!

Surely, I hear you ask, he must have some good points. Well someone must think so as apparently he's now in a romantic relationship. Last Friday in the Tuns, he was seen fornicating with a little yellow crumpled booklet. I hope they took precautions. We don't want lots of little constitutions running around the place.

So remember if Bullshit decides to talk to you, it's because he cares, and absolutely nothing to do with trying to get your vote, so he can join the sabbatical ranks, which are already crowded with incompetents.

It's Big, it's Easy and it's Blue

"Put a lil south in your mouth" is the slogan of the BIG EASY RESTAURANT at 55-59 Old Compton Street, Soho. Obviously, being small minded and smutty, anything related to putting items in the mouth meets with our approval.

The restaurant is on the site of the 2i's coffee bar, famous in the fifties as the birthplace of British rock music, so it is fitting that blues should have a platform for its fast growing following in such a historic site of popular music. "The Blues

Basement" is hosted and organised every Friday night by blues singer and guitarist, Ray Minhinnett, and aims to give an opportunity for British and American blues players to perform in an intimate central London location. The cover charge of £5 is refundable against the food bill, and students can get a 25% discount on production of a valid NUS card. The ultimate aim of the venue is to make "The Basement" as closely associated to blues as Ronnie Scotts is to jazz.

So what are you waiting for? Tables can be booked at the Big Easy Restaurant by phoning 071 287 3333.

This week they have given us a free meal for two with a bottle of house wine for the winners of this fantastic competition. To enter, simply complete the tie-breaker in less than 150 words: "I'd like to put a lil south in my mouth because..."

All entries should be put in the Campus tray in the Beaver office by Wednesday 26th October.

Oppportunities with Kleinwort Benson Presentations

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20 Fenchurch Street, London, EC3P 3DB

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and

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NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, TOKYO, BANGKOK, SYDNEY, AUCKLAND....

STA TRAVEL

The Beaver

Yes, so you are probably fed up already of people accosting you in Houghton Street begging for your vote. Yes, no doubt you are sick of the sight of posters with anodyne slogans in garish colours, and yes, you are certainly sick of the sight of my name.

So why is it that you should vote in the elections which are taking place this week? Surely it is only political hacks playing out their juvenile power games and fulfilling some of their first ambitions on the back of the envelope route to power?

Well, it is not for me to comment upon the ambition and power games of the LSESU's esteemed bunch of hacks, but the positions for which they are standing are of vital importance. On Tuesday and Thursday, every registered undergraduate and graduate student has the chance to vote in cross-campus elections to decide who will be the Students' Union nominees for places on LSE committees. These committees deal with important issues, such as the Library and the Health Service, and it is essential that as many as possible of you take your opportunity to vote for these representatives. It took many years of struggle for previous students to secure the right to have representation on the committees which govern the way in which their academic institutions are run. On many occasions these rights of representation have been under attack, and it is worth remembering how hard our predecessors fought for what are essentially civil rights, over twenty years ago.

At the LSE we are fortunate that we have University authorities who are well aware of, and recognise the importance of, students being able to put their views across on committees. Indeed, it seems that as a result of the Donoghue Report there will be further places for students on the important decision-making bodies at the LSE. It is for these reasons that I urge you to use your vote on Tuesday or Thursday outside the Old Theatre. Besides, if you do not vote I will have thousands of spare ballot papers and wouldn't that be a waste?

**Tom Greatrex,
LSESU Returning Officer**

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	Dennis Lim
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CBJ Restricts Individuality

Dear Beaver,

I would like to vent my feelings towards the Criminal Justice Bill, following the lack of serious coverage of this seminal piece of legislation, both in the mainstream media and at the various Party conferences.

This Bill constitutes a comprehensive attack on civil liberties. For instance, it violates the rights to assemble, to demonstrate and restricts freedom of movement and expression, to name but a few. It is also an attack on the lifestyles of certain groups of people, for no other reason than they challenge social conventions and the prejudices of the silent majority! It is on this particular point that I would like to dwell, for it represents a major departure from the more humane aspects of British political tradition, namely tolerance and moderation.

Firstly, the Bill focuses on a way of life that has been used as a scapegoat by the authorities in times of strife for many centuries: that of travelling people... There has long been a stigma attached to those of no fixed abode and the proposed legislation simply plays on the irrational fear that gypsies and travellers still elicit today amongst the less enlightened. It is not the action of a modern, civilised, rational government. It does nothing to address the very real and practical problem of finding ways to accommodate nomadic lifestyles in a sedentary society; in fact it does

quite the reverse by reversing measures which had worked in the past, such as the provision of stopping places by local authorities!

Secondly, the Bill delegates the use of force to private individuals and firms, by allowing them to evict squatters, even if that involves the use of violence to gain entry into a building! Now, every politics undergraduate knows that one distinguishing feature of the state is its monopoly on the lawful use of violence. The legislation proposes that central government partially abdicate this prerogative in favour of individuals who in many cases will be little more than thugs employed by unscrupulous landlords.

Thirdly, the right of individual citizens to build an alternative that challenges received ideas is being denied. The fact is that there are many people who either cannot adapt or do not wish to adapt to the existing social order. The former find in these alternative lifestyles a safety net that enables them to carry on living outside the system that has rejected them, either because they could not cope emotionally and/or because they could not find employment. The latter have a political right to dissent, something which in times gone by was fairly well established in England, the land of religious toleration... The author of this letter benefited in her teenage years of the friendly, disinterested sup-

port provided by a community of squatters in South London. During those years of procrastination -to put it politely - she was able to 'find her feet', eventually rejoined the educational system and is now about to complete a PhD in Government here at LSE. This is not an isolated case history; many a 'late-developer' has been given strength and a second chance by an alternative community that allows a far higher degree of individual expression and freedom, puts principles before material gain and last but not least, knows how to enjoy life!

Finally, the Bill prevents young people from organising their own entertainment and social life, even though the spirit of enterprise demonstrated by organisers ought to fit in very well with this government's ethos of individual entrepreneurship. One can only guess that free enterprise is only to be approved within the cramped confines of Establishment culture, which obviously considers that listening to 'a succession of repetitive beats' is an act of sedition... The Criminal Justice Bill shows above all the narrow-mindedness of those who devised it and of the people who now support it. They should not deny others the joy and freedom they deny themselves!

For all the above reasons, I would urge all LSE students to fight against the Criminal Justice Bill before it is too late.

Yours
L A Wildethorpe

Home Office Issues Statement

Dear Editor

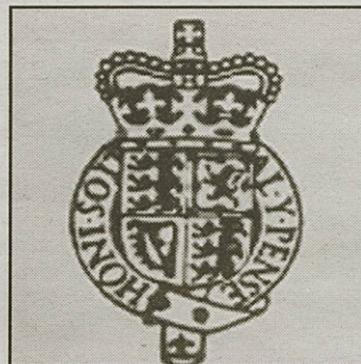
Before your students jump onto the Criminal Justice bill-bashing bandwagon, I want to put the record straight about what this Bill will mean to young people.

You might have heard that the Criminal Justice Bill, currently in Parliament, is attempting to stop people having a good time, or moving around freely, and that it wants to ban any kind of protest or demonstration and even bar rambles from enjoying a walk in the countryside.

The truth is that the Criminal Justice Bill is about tackling crime. It is about making sure that everyone can have their fair shout and that their lives and their fun is not spoilt by others.

Ravers can rave within the law. But unlicensed raves affect the lives of a large number of people living nearby. This is what the Bill condemns, not the properly organised licensed events.

Government legislation will not stop Glastonbury, Knebworth and established open air festivals, and you will be able to play music at these events. The Bill is specifically targeted to deal with relatively new large scale unli-



censed open air raves.

The police have not been told by the Government to target party goers. Their job is to apprehend people who break the law.

Some people believe that the Bill will prevent people even walking in the countryside as they could be charged for aggravated trespass. To be charged with this, you need to be a trespasser on private land, and would need to intentionally obstruct, disrupt or intimidate someone.

This Bill is about protecting the law abiding citizen and not about preventing their freedom, their fun and their right to do what ever they like within the law.

David Maclean, MP
Minister of State at the
Home Office

Poets' Corner

Life is like a butterfly,
Bounces,
Drifts,
floats up high.

Life is like a butterfly
flutters,
breezes,
up to the sky.

Life is like a butterfly
withers,
dies,
passes by.

J. Farrell & J. Bilby
Thomas Tallis School
Beaver
Work Experience

Thoughts from
the Beaver Office

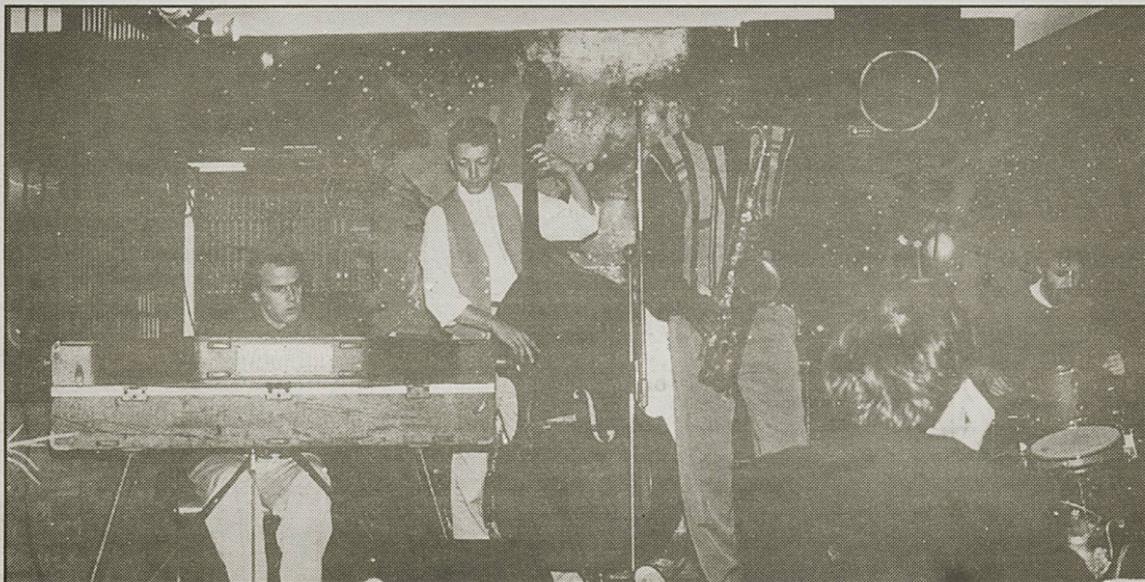
Jobs, Jobs, Jobs & more Jobs

Part-time temporary positions available on campus for outgoing, enthusiastic second and third year students with excellent communication and interpersonal skills. Must be able to work 2 evenings per week, Monday to Thursday, from 6pm until 10pm contacting alumni of the University on behalf of LSE.

Starting salary will be £5/hour

For more information contact Andrew Harvey on 071 955 6768.

CSH President Speaks out



Dear Beaver,

In response to last weeks letter, "Jazz band botch up", I thought I'd better sort a few things out. It is indeed true that I've given my old man some business at Saunders and I've made no secret of that.

Jazz, in my opinion (as well as the committees', bar managers, wardens' and many residents) is perfect for creating the kind of friendly atmosphere for people to socialise, and makes a nice change from the typical karaoke/hypnotist type events. This is

why the warden wanted a band for the two buffets Saunders lays on for freshers. Naturally, a call to Gould senior was the obvious option considering the short space of time we had to arrange live music.

The 'botch up' referred to on Tuesday's party was surely that of one of the now defunct social secretaries who managed to hire a D.J. rather than a P.A., and one whose music was hardly complementary to the sounds of the "Solent City Jazzman" (bookings 0703 556026).

So, to whoever wrote that letter last week, I plead guilty to the charge of nepotism, but considering the warm response the band always get here, I don't give a shit. Perhaps we won't have this situation as soon as some reliable social secretaries get elected.

Should anyone have anymore complaints about me, the committee, or Carr Saunders, please bring them up at the Hall Society meetings rather than the Beaver.

Yours sincerely,
Sam Gould
Carr Saunders President.

Busby Blues

Dear Beaver,

1958 - A great year for British Football.

We normally quiet, unassuming boys from flat 19 felt, that after the proliferation of bollocks in the last Club Noise, we'd better settle something once and for all.

This said we agreed with two things. Firstly United are back where they belong, mid-table obscurity. We really do pity the few bits of Northern scum who will 'still' be United fans in a couple of years. What will you do? Can't even blame Munich for the next 26 years. Won't be able to phone in and moan to David Mellor about songs such as "who's that lying on the runway" and "always look on the runway for ice." I don't know why the "United scum" take offence at friendly banter referring to Munich. Half of the United fans around today weren't even born, the other half were probably Liverpool fans until a year ago. Any not in these two categories probably thought Busby was a yellow bird who

flogged BT phones. Much as it pains me to say it, I reckon the Leeds fans got it right, singing where's your Busby gone during the minutes silence to an old crinkly who should have died in 1958. Man Utd, famous for ripping off their "pretend fans" were probably, deep down, delighted at Busby's death, after all it's another expensive seat to flog!

The other point I agree with is that "You have a right to be arrogant as long as you're the best team in the world". Man Utd, we're glad to say are pure, unadulterated, smelly Northern scum. Disliked by all true football fans.

So we'd like to say, Piss off you're already wank again and we'll be thinking of you when you're in Division two.

Incidentally I'd buy Busby's seat, just to lay a chocolate log on it every other Saturday, but no one would notice the difference between my turd from a "true" United fan.

Come on you Yellows.
(whoever you may be!)

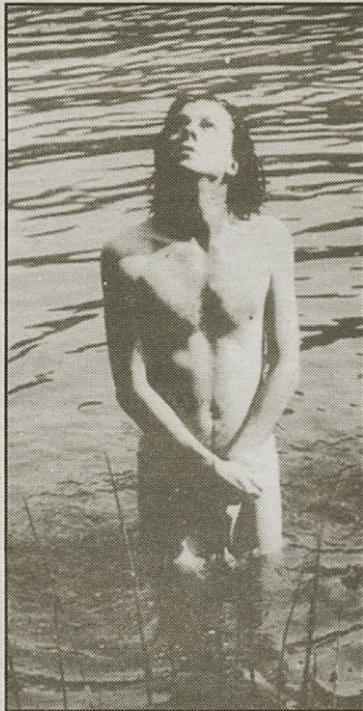
Does pornography promote violence?

Dear Beaver,

Does pornography provoke violence against women? Should anyone have the right to censor it? Gripping stuff! I had been hoping to listen to an informed viewpoint followed by an intelligent discussion as advertised last Tuesday by the Women's group. Instead, I was disappointed to find that none of these issues were addressed and that the speaker from the Campaign Against Pornography reacted at a purely emotional level to all comments from the floor with no attempt to substantiate her evidence.

Both males and females in the audience made informed and thought provoking remarks but all genuine discussion was stifled by over sensitivity. Although I have genuine sympathy with the campaigns aims and appreciate the emotionality of the subject, I was dismayed that an opportunity to question the speaker was met with such negativity. Surely, these topics will only gain popularity if informed discussion takes place and a variety of views considered? I seriously doubt that there were any converts!

The Women's group should be



congratulated for highlighting a potentially interesting topic. However, I do hope that advertisements for future events will bare more resemblance to the actual occasion and that genuine discussion might prevail!

Yours sincerely,
Viv Nunn and Simon
Hampton

Lonely Hearts Club

Are you Japanese, Female, aged over 26?

Were you in Sweden on 1st September 1994, travelling by train from Stockholm to Malmö on your way to Berlin with a fellow Japanese student?

If you are (and were), then the Swede who conversed with you on the train that day would like to correspond with you. His name is Bo Bernvill and his address is Skolgatan 3, 333 32 Smalandsstenar, Sweden.

Baljit speaks out

Dear Beaver,

It seems that in the previous issue of the Beaver all that the newspaper wishes to do is to criticize me.

Despite the fact that since being elected I have undertaken a large amount of work ranging from researching academic matters, ID and Union cards and communications to working throughout Freshers' fair and hosting in Butlers Wharf as an SU representative.

Is it possible that the source of antipathy towards me is founded on my proposals to reform the communications structures of this Union?

With regard to allegations about leaflets I find it inconsis-

ent that one week the Beaver complains I did not attend a march against the CJB, and the next week that I have been overzealous in honoring my promise to publicise the rally and lobbying on Parliament against the CJB, which is an even more crucial opportunity to oppose it, by inserting leaflets in last weeks issue when I was in a hurry.

I would also like to add I was, elected by the British Youth Council to the 'Representation and citizenship committee' and will be contributing to a briefing to media and parliament on how the CJB affects young people. So, please get in touch if you wish to add anything.

Yours sincerely,
Baljit Mahal.

**The weekly Beaver
Collective meetings
in S78, Mondays at 6.00pm
All Welcome!**

Letters, articles, competition entries, what's on adverts, unsolicited articles and anything else for the Beaver can be left in the mailboxes on our distribution bins, LSESU reception, the Beaver office in E197 or on the Vax/ E-mail (Beaver).

To be considered for publication, prizes or insertion all the above items must arrive before 6pm on Wednesday.

For articles, especially unsolicited ones, the Beaver cannot guarantee publication.

To guarantee publication, you must see the respective Editor by attending the weekly collective meeting.

If possible, could they be typed, laser printed or on IBM or Mac disks. Old fashioned handwriting is OK too.

**Anyone interested in
laying out or working
on the
Alternative Prospectus?
Contact Ola Budjinska
Ext. 7471
This is a paid position.**

Beaver's Classic Albums

No 4:

Thomas Dolby:
Aliens Ate My Buick

The thing that normally drives up-tempo tracks along is undoubtedly the snare. While the bass drum may give it a shove, and the bass a grunt, it's surely the snare that makes dance tracks sound loud, witness on just about any Prince track how the snare kick-starts the groove. The other thing is that they're normally electronically layered with gun shots and hand claps to make them sound even more raw than they are naturally - and that's what's strange about this week's classic album, "Aliens Ate My Buick" by Thomas Dolby. You see, the snare on this album is so small and tight-sounding, that instead of making the tracks sound "big" it draws them in, pulling everything together and making the band sound as tight as the proverbial cat's arse.

The first track is a fairly throw-away effort, a kind of bastardised fifties sounding song with brass and walking bassline heavily featured. Entitled "The Key To Her Ferrari", it is from here that the album's name is drawn "I just want the key to her Ferrari" says Tom, "Cos aliens ate my Buick." The sound of the track is immaculate, as is the rest of the album, but it's got to be the weakest track musically. Which brings to the rest. You may have heard "Airhead" on the radio as the single to break the album in the charts. It's the groove that kind of sums up the album; great feel, good hooks to sing, and sooo clean and tight that the only thing that stops you from dancing is the fact that you can't get over the production and don't want to move a muscle in case you miss any!

The two tracks that follow are in a similar vein, with a mix of stunning musicianship, humour and weird samples that never sound out of place, like the frogs and crickets used as percussion in the verse of "Pulp Culture". Here is a man that you can't help taking seriously, despite the fact that he seems to make everything he does sound like he doesn't really do so himself.

Side two opens with "My Brain Is like A Sieve", a piss-take of some of the reggae scene that once again is a valid composition in its own right, that demands to be sung along with. With all of the material on this record (yes, I have it on vinyl) there's a melancholy feeling that creeps into what's going on, and you find that you're listening to some very sensitive work from a genuinely talented writer, and I think that it gives the album depth that other writers of a generally more serious nature lack. (I can't think of any examples, I'm afraid).

The masterpiece of the whole thing is the final track "Budapest By Blimp". Starting with lush keyboards and some excellent guitar, the track moves through various phases from quiet, rainy day verses to delicate bridges (no chorus on this song) layered with more samples, the highlight of which being the opera singer's voice which sounds so real purely because it's so right. The song's - and album's - climax is skilfully brought in by bringing in the (real) drums and dropping all of the slushy keyboard parts underneath a soaring guitar solo. The track ends, quite beautifully, with a huge crowd singing the bridge melody previously "sung" by the opera voice.

Everything on this album is brilliantly done, from the playing to the recording to the mixing there isn't anything that's not intuitive, no matter how weird or wonderful. I saw him live a few years ago and although it was a different band it all sounded just as good live, a clue to the influence of the man himself over his fellow musicians.

Thank God for dEUS

Gary Lee on the worst case scenario

I'll get straight to the point-I like this album. The second the unnecessary first track had passed I knew it was going to be good. Belgium isn't exactly famous for its music, it isn't famous for anything in fact except losing 1-0 to South Korea, but dEUS may put Belgium on the proverbial music map, rather like ABBA put Sweden on the map. **Worst Case Scenario** is their debut album but due to the members having a wide range of experience, it doesn't sound it. The bands varying experience have contributed to a confident, energetic album with a wide range of musical expression. They have managed to do this with-

out losing their way and from the first proper song **Suds & Soda** through the title track **Worst Case Scenario**, **Jigsaw You** and **Morticiachair**, they have asserted their style in no uncertain terms. The next song is their current release **Via** and is definitely the hit of the album, without it, it wouldn't have been anywhere near as an impressive debut as it was. They have already been likened to many bands such as The Smashing Pumpkins and Faith No More and both their early stuff was shite, so the next album might just be a classic. This one isn't a classic, but if I didn't get it for bugger all, I would have paid the £14.



dEUS try and walk on water

Photo: Stefan De

R.I.P 45's as CD singles rule

This week I received the grand total of three singles to review, so here they are:

The Strawberry Zots I Will, I Will, I Will, For Now EP (But!)

The Strawberry Zots take their name from an American sweet, sorry, candy, which is sweet on the outside but has a liquid orgasm inside. Well there's no analogy there. The song starts as it means to go on, basically repeating "...I will, I will, I will." It's very catchy mind you, I've been singing it to myself all day. Then again, "I Should Be So Lucky" was also a very catchy song. They're supposedly big in the States and are allegedly destined for great success over here. Well, they might be.

Strangelove- Is There A Place? EP (Parlophone)

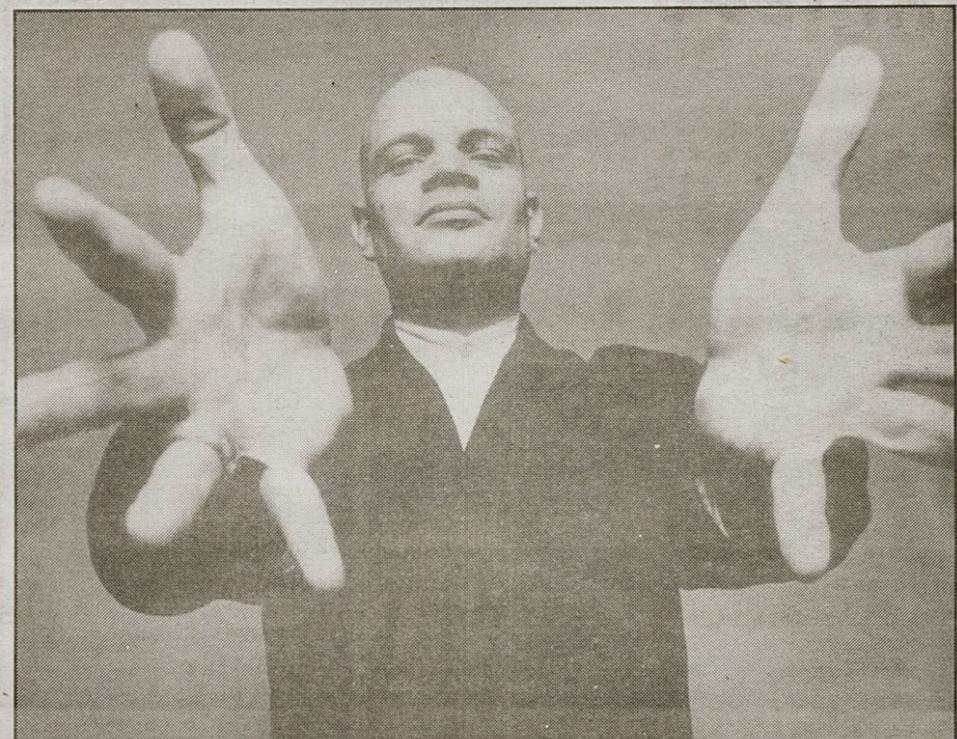
The first track **Sand** is clearly heavily influenced by early '80s rock with a '90s packaging. This will be a definite hit for the LSE Tory party seeing as how it is made up from ex-members of that well known band **The Mekons**. The CD contains two new songs **Nobody's There**, and **The King Of Somewhere Else** which are not on the album. The title track is an eleven minute version, hidden at the end of the CD, and is a melancholic rhythmic

tune that is a definite end of CD song. If you happen to be a Mekon you'll love it. You might still like it even if you have a correctly proportioned head.

Freak Power Get In Touch (Island)

Although the record companies sent me bugger-all this week, I've been pleas-

antly impressed by what they've sent me. It's a shame in a way because everyone likes to slag off a shit record but there just haven't been any this time. **Get In Touch** is a song about hating the system etc... but lyrics aside it's actually quite tuneful. Other **Freak Power** songs have included lyrics about inhumanity and animal sex. Now I've got nothing against animal sex but I don't want to hear a song about it. Luckily **Get In Touch** stands out for its' musical qualities as otherwise it would be fucked.



What a dude!

Photo: Island

Wedded bliss at the Astoria

"Yeah, Yeah Yeah!" it's two more almost legendary Ron Voce live reviews

As I sat in an A Level History class in, probably 1989 little did I think that the guy sitting next to me, Adrian Presland would join the army and I would go to LSE, especially when he was listening to "Kennedy" by Wedding Present and I was listening to Metallica. Four years later, I saw him at Milton Keynes Bowl when I was working backstage for my friend in Diamond Head and saw him out front with his meat head friend. Five years later and I'm at the Astoria watching the Wedding Present on stage and Dave Gedge says

"As you know", said Dave 'God' Gedge, "we don't do encores", just before launching into a fabulous finale of "Gazebo". The waving torsos of bodies in the pit gyrated to good effect as they had for the whole night. Before we knew it the guitar distortion had faded and the stage emptied.

Tasha left to go backstage to see Darran. He's the Weddoes bass player and has a prosthetic leg. Tasha met him in Brighton, where she is studying and she has a brother called Neil.

Neil returned from the front of the stage minus the Dave 'God' Gedge autograph that he got on his arm. Dave had signed it earlier when Orange had been on doing an excellent set. Orange could be the next Stone Roses, if Oasis f**k up. Good songs, great lyrics and an attitude to match.

Having wangled two free tickets courtesy of Wild, I was certainly intending to enjoy myself, and Neil apart from the signed arm, had a T-Shirt signed as well with "To Neil, Happy Birthday, from Dave Gedge". What a nice guy, spending time out front with the punters and not minding the hassle.

Darran and Dave left to go backstage and they were on stage before we knew it. They flew straight into "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!" the first single of the new album "Watusi", "It was so simple it was breathtaking, especially watching the cross section of people enjoying it.

I have to admit some of the set left me cold and the sound quality was patchy, but those at the front enjoyed it, especially "Take Me", Those standing near me suffered my tone deaf rendition of the acapella introduction to "California".

There were two surprises that night. Firstly Darran singing "Shake it" and seeing Tasha's face when he did. Secondly for the fact that I enjoyed it and wish I had seen the Weddoes before. Finally, and not a surprise was the fact that they didn't play "Kennedy" even though it seemed that's all the people at the back were shouting for. Dave Gedge may say they don't do encores but Hendrix summed it up better when he said "I'm not a juke box". "Kennedy"- like its namesake is better off dead!



Dave "God" Gedge walks among us mortals on the Underground Photo: Library

Goats Don't Shave but they'll shave you close or your money back almost guaranteed

If ever there ever was an excuse for Jim Fagan to have Murphy's put back on in the Tuns, this is it. *Goat's Don't Shave* are sponsored by "Murphys" and if we had it on draught, we could have them in the Tuns cheap and boy would they entertain.

I wasn't sure what to expect when I trundled out of Stockwell tube station and across the road to the Swan. A few doubts crossed my mind when I saw a T-Shirt with *Goat's Don't Shave* above Ralph McTell, but with the music already belting out and with those often used words, "we're on the guest list" out of the way we were set for an entertaining evening.

Considering that they'd been playing for a few minutes I was quite shocked to see a seething mass of bodies as we dived, via the bar, to the front of the stage. Now

the reason we were on the guest list was because one of our numbers brother played keyboards with the band which mixed rock and traditional Irish music. Yeah you're thinking it's the Pogues Mk II, but no, *Goats Don't Shave* are better and if you think I'm lying, the Our Price record chain put their new album "Out In the Open" onto its Hitlist so there!

Drink in hand we were entertained. The band fronted by tunesmith and lyricist Pat Gallagher pumped out tunes that would make you dance with Joy, if only Joy had bothered to leave the Tuns. "Let The World Keep On Turning" gets your feet tapping along to the band from both sides of the border of the Republic and the Province. You wonder with music like "War", actually an anti-war song, and "Las Vegas (in the hills of Donegal)"

why this band is only playing the top floor of a pub in Stockwell when Wembley would be moved by such emotion.

One of the best songs of the night is "John Cherokee" which is almost an acapella rendition, but not quite and I'm not going to tell you what I thought it was called because it's embarrassing. So when you wrap all this up up with a 19 year old fiddle player and the other raggle taggle bunch that go to make up *Goat's Don't Shave*, it's something else but.

In short "Mary Mary" might be quite contrary, but you'll soon be getting a chance to see *Goats Don't Shave* at the LSE and Fagan will just have to get the Murphy's in for St Patrick's Day when all of the Irishmen come out of the closet and *Goat's Don't Shave* give another performance as good as this one last Friday.

THE LATIN AMERICAN SOCIETY



The Latin American Society would like to thank everybody who came to the party last Wednesday night for making it so enjoyable. DJ Ramiro was as usual spinning hot Latin tunes and Channel 4 was recording for its "Nightline" programme.

The long awaited raffle was drawn and the prizes went to the following members: Champagne for members 332 and 498; Dinner for two for member 410; and finally, the two tickets to Rio went to member 117. The prizes will be handed out at the dance class on Tuesday. Commiserations to the losers.

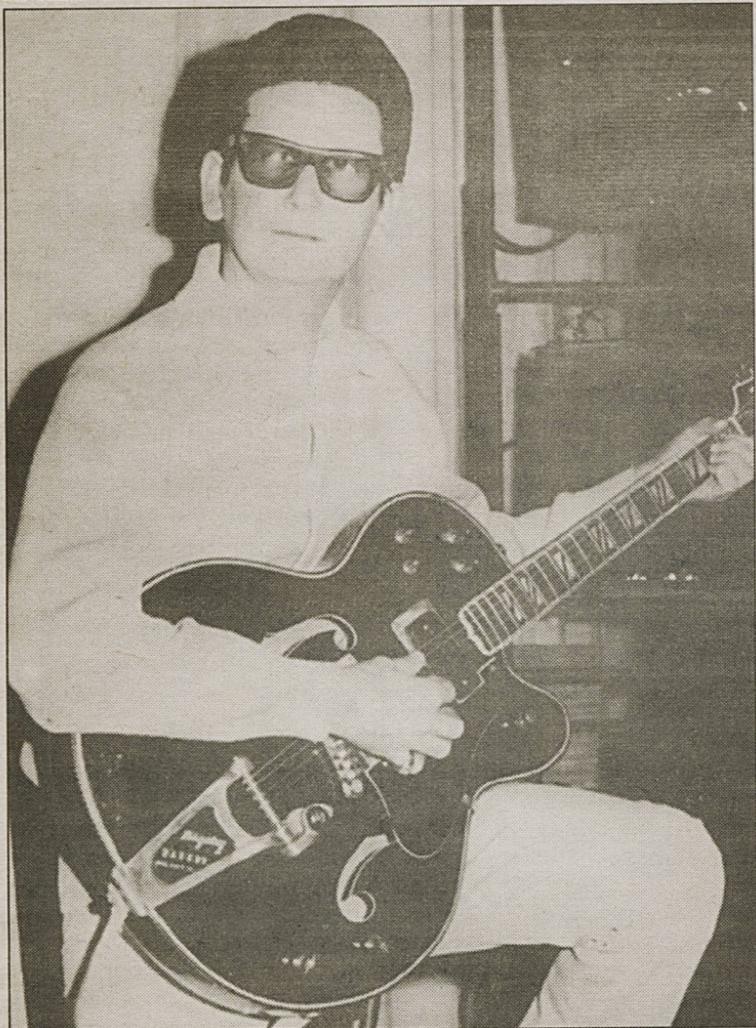
The Latin American Society is proud to announce the production of an Argentinian play, "Made in Lanus", to be shown on Wednesday 26th October at 8.30 in the Old Theatre. The play by Nelly Fernandez Tiscornia is a moving tale of Argentinian Expats in the "Dirty War" period. It is being performed by the Latin American Theatre company and was brought to the LSE especially by the society. Tickets available at the door - £1 members, £2 non-members.

Spanish classes have been arranged for Wednesdays 1-2 pm beginners, 2-3 pm intermediate, both in room S036. Those of you interested in Advanced classes should pop a note in the Society's pigeonhole near the cafe.

A reminder to all first year students (and possibly second years too) that we are looking for new committee members for next year. Keep the spirit .. see you on Tuesday at the dance class.

THE LSESU CAFE

OPENING HOURS ARE FROM 10AM TO 4PM MONDAY TO FRIDAY



Roy Orbison: better off dead, really

The Big Oh-No

Steve Roy witnesses the unfortunate resurrection of his hero Roy Orbison in the musical "Only the Lonely"

Hurry - read this review quickly. Judging by recent audiences, this musical will die very soon. The performance I saw, peak time Saturday evening, was witnessed by approximately 200 people. The Piccadilly Theatre has a capacity of over 1500. In fact, there were so few people that the authorities closed the upper circle, the royal circle, the gallery, the stalls, and the upper tier. I was pleased; my seat right at the top turned into a plush top notch job at the front.

Most of the audience were thirtysomethings, with the occasional pensioner thrown in. She had presumably stumbled into the wrong theatre, not realising that Barry Manilow was on down the road. They were harmless, but if you decide to go, be wary of Essex man. And friends. Yes, the William Hill Epping branch company outing were out for the night. Not

content with talking all the way through, they joined in with the vocals; during *Pretty Woman*, they all rose as one, swayed from side to side, clutched their respective partners, and slobbered all over one another's ears. Pure magic. One bloke became the unwitting star of the second half. Just as Orbison was learning of the death of his wife, Epping man's mate arrived back from the interval. Undaunted by the drama of the moment, this guy stood up, interrupting Orbison, and shouted, "ALRIGHT DAVE... WHERE DID YOU GET TO MATE! Come and join the fucking party." To their credit, the cast ignored him.

Larry Branson, playing Orbison, sings with panache, spirit, style and sophistication. He can't act; but he doesn't need to. All Orbison ever did was stand still, with a pudding bowl hair-style, black suit and shades, and belt out emotion. That's all Branson does.

It's a perfect imitation. The rest of the cast demonstrate great versatility as most perform several different parts, with some excellent supporting performances. The basic plot, a simplistic and banal narration of Orbison's life, is incidental. The musical doesn't try and explain Orbison. The heart-break he suffered in his life was depicted - his wife's fatal accident, the death of two of his three sons - but all that happened was Orbison got up, and sang another song.

If you are an Orbison fan, the music is great, and you won't be disappointed. If you are severely pissed, and from Ilford, Braintree or Dagenham, you won't be short of company. If your companion understands little English, has never heard of Roy Orbison, and would rather be in McDonalds, then leave her behind. Whatever you do, don't dither - it won't be on for much longer.

Finger licking good

Alex Molloy finds the Theatre Royal a laugh

'D'yer Eat With Yer Fingers' is a play, written, performed and produced by Asians, not that you have to be Asian to appreciate it. Through a series of sketches which recognise no taboos the play explores the identity problems and prejudices faced by young British Asians. If this all sounds too much, don't be put off, you'll be laughing with very little respite from the moment AJ India steps on to the stage to the moment the play ends. (Yes, even the interval is funny)

The play is effective because the actors take every single anti-Asian jibe you can imagine, plus a few original ones of their own and make you laugh so much that even your hardened BNP supporter couldn't take them se-

riously again. There is some soul searching, which rather than trying to give an answer to the impossible questions, "Who am I as a young British Asian?" illustrates that any question of personal identity is incredibly complicated even for someone with very strong, simply defined cultural and geographical roots.

The varied sketches have movement, dance and music and the general atmosphere is of a student review. The play starts strongly, and even though some of the sketches are clearly of a better standard than others the high standard is maintained most of the evening. One disappointment was the recital of a poem "Proud to be Asian" which I felt was both out of place and unnecessary for the message of

the play. My favourite single sketch was a very clever fusion of Indian dancing and my favourite actor was Paul Sharma for his dance and natural humour.

After one visit to the theatre my impressions are that it is a friendly, unpretentious, and innovative place which combined with the excellent concessions makes it an ideal student venue. I shall certainly be returning as, judging by their reactions, a large part of last Friday's audience

The Theatre Royal is at Stratford East, E15, (Zone 3 on the Central Line). Student prices are as low as £2 Monday to Thursday and half price Friday and Saturday.



Lear vents his feelings

Photo: Henrietta Butler

My death as a dog

Priyanka Senadhiva & Jason Waddle at the Etcetera Theatre

Just when life is looking up for young Scotsman Alexander Dundee (Darren McNeil) - a promising interview with the BBC and his first date with raunchy Roseanne - along comes his dead-for-twelve-years father, Willy (David Peacock). 'Dead Dad Dog' is the charming John McKay comedy which follows the chaotic events of a painful reunion with Alex's "all too visible dead dad", the ghostly gooseberry.

Alex is the product of Thatcher's Britain - unemployed and angry. "It's not my accent, it's your ears," he suggests. The trouble is that Alex is a wannabe

Yuppie whose designer clothes and big fancy ideas are threatening to uproot his past as he tried to catch the fag end of the Eighties' bandwagon.

The emotional gymnastics are stunning. Alex didn't shed a tear when his father died, but he cried his eyes out at the TV death of Captain Scarlet in his childhood. Yet even in the second chance saloon of a visitation, Alex finds difficulty in redressing his emotions - 'You're bloody dead, now stay bloody dead!'

McKay's script is highly amusing, if a little predictable and its only weaknesses are its al-

most sickly 'don't forget where you came from' moral and the tired Jock Stein male bonding scene. Yet the Break-a-Leg Theatre Company have produced a highly creditable two man show, overcoming the problem of having a set which looks as if it's stepped out of a Persil Colour ad with some wickedly funny mime scenes and some first class cavorting. The flashbacks are a treat.

Dead Dad Dog runs until 30th October at the Etcetera Theatre on Camden High Street. Tickets are £6/£5.

'King Lear' reviewed by Kerrie Henderson

Three and a half hours of Shakespeare on a shoe-string is hardly the perfect idea of an exciting night out. However, Kaboodle's production of the Bard's heavyweight 'King Lear' proved to be an exception to this rule. The play was superbly performed, emphasised by fine acting and original music, rather than the lavishly decorated sets of standard West End fare.

Like most of Shakespeare's works the script can at times appear bewildering, but the actors work hard to maintain the audience's attention. Their enthusiasm is obvious, and several turn in notable performances. Paula Simms in particular excels in her role as Lear's fool.

What makes this performance

so special though is the way in which music is integral to it. Live musicians give each scene its own atmosphere. Their brooding drums and whimsical urchins successfully force the audience to become involved in the on-stage drama and care about the characters.

The company promise in their programme to attempt to reach the mind, senses and emotions in equal measure. A little pretentious maybe, but these high ideals are almost achieved, the result being a thrilling and deliciously original production well worth seeing.

King Lear plays at the Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon Street until October 29.

Beaten to a pulp

How do you top a film like 'Reservoir Dogs?' You don't, says Dennis Lim

Fuelled in this country by the controversy surrounding an unjustified video ban, Quentin Tarantino's debut, 'Reservoir Dogs' has achieved classic status in the time it takes some films to find a distributor. Screenings are attended by embarrassing Dogs dress-a-likes and people who - annoyingly and frighteningly - can recite chunks of dialogue verbatim and giggle conspiratorially a split-second before something funny is said.

'Reservoir Dogs' was a film about men in white shirts and black suits who talked fast and sharp, murdered remorselessly to hip accompanying music and who ended up shooting each other in the logic-defying finale. Young people the world over, sick of feeding on dated, retro pop culture, chorused "Hey, COOL!!" (or something), and before you could say "Let's get to work", a geek was elevated to cultural icon and a cult was born.

It's no wonder that the 'Pulp Fiction' hype has built up to unbearable and frankly unhealthy proportions. With all this advance word, it would have to be unreservedly brilliant to NOT come as a disappointment. Inevitably, that isn't the case.

The characters, plucked as they are from pulp novels, are achingly familiar, the situations in which they find themselves embroiled even more so. In the first of the three stories that make up the film, Uma Thurman is the flirtatious wife of a mad mob boss



"We shoulda had shotguns for this kind of deal"

Photo: Buena Vista

and John Travolta the hitman assigned to chaperone her on a night out. "I just gotta go powder my nose," she purrs - and she's NOT talking face-powder. The silly cow goes overboard with the pharmaceutical experimentation and promptly OD's. The ensuing rescue operation, culminating in what will henceforth be universally known as That Hypodermic Needle Scene, is identifiably Tarantino, extracting black humour from a bloody scenario, daring the squeamish to look on.

The second part has Bruce Willis - for once using that per-

petual perplexed expression to great effect - as a has-been boxer. He's paid to throw a fight, double-crosses the baddies and wisely decides to flee. One hitch - his father's gold watch is back at his flat and he has to retrieve it. The significance of said time-piece is related by Christopher Walken, in what will no doubt be dubbed The Gold Watch, Rectum & Dysentery Speech.

Part 3 revolves around the deeply sick, cruelly comic Oops, Silly Me - I've Gone And Blown Your Face Off Scene and features Harvey Keitel's Household

Tips on removing bits of brain from upholstery. Travolta's colleague, Samuel L Jackson (monstrous hair-do), who quotes from the Bible at length before bumping off his victims, capitalises on some great lines and our Quentin appears as a high-strung, incessantly jabbering dork (a spot of inspired casting there).

Most of his characters talk exactly the same way (Tarantinoese - a dialect spoken at a very high rate of knots, punctuated with obscenities, wisecracks and the odd knowing name-drop) because that's the

only way Tarantino can write and it begins to wear after a while. Also, the film's too long, indulgent and, as a whole, seems comprised of excellent but distinctly separate moments - far less impressive in its entirety. This has to do with the way Tarantino works. The man doesn't write storylines, he creates - no, steals - characters; in Tarantino's world, plot is incidental, personality all-important. Similarly, his scripts do little more than string together colourful, profane repartee. He's a shamelessly superficial filmmaker and on an emotional level, his films don't even exist. You have to wonder how much longer he can get away with it.

The whole film spurns conventional chronological narrative and employs sudden time-shifts as a (mostly successful) linking device. It actually ends midway and then sneakily uses a flashback to end on a blatantly high note. As in 'Dogs', the music is brilliant - again not so much the music in itself, but the context, which is at once wryly clever and wonderfully absurd.

It's a travesty that 'Pulp' won the Palme d'Or at Cannes against Kieslowski's near-perfect 'Red'. It's an unquestionably entertaining film, but 'Dogs' - less ambitious, less stylised, more endearing - remains unsurpassed. Next time - more substance, less indulgence.

'Pulp Fiction' is on general release. It plays with the animated short, 'The Big Story' at selected cinemas.

Guilty

Nicky Maragliano passes judgment on 'The Client'

Never mind that most people who can read regard John Grisham novels as dull affairs that get lost in their own legal complexity, US film producers are mad about them. Since last year they have been dishing up movie adaptations of his novels starring names such as Tom Cruise ('The Firm') and Julia Roberts ('The Pelican Brief').

The latest in this line of Grisham novels-turned-movies is 'The Client', which boasts Susan Sarandon and Tommy Lee Jones. The plot is thus: eleven year old Mark Sway (Brad Renfro) finds out where the Mob has hidden a murdered senator's body. How? Well, implausibly enough the Mob's lawyer spills the beans to Mark just before topping himself off. The Mafia are after Mark to keep him quiet and the law, in the shape of federal prosecutor Roy Faltrigg (Jones), are after him to solve the murder investi-

gation. So that we can conclusively tell that it's not Mark's lucky day, his younger brother Ricky goes into a coma brought on by the day's general excitement.

Things look up for Mark when he hires a lawyer, the improbably named Reggie Love, played by Susan Sarandon. She's an ex-drunk looking for a substitute sprog, he's from a broken home and in need of a Mommy figure. It's a match made in Hollywood heaven as together they take on both the authorities and the Mob.

The film turns out passably well, mainly due to the strength of its main actors. Sarandon and Jones perform up to their usual standard, although they've been cast very stereotypically - Sarandon's character is a variation on the role she played in 'Lorenzo's Oil' while Jones reprises his part in 'The Fugitive' and has a good crack at stealing



Mark and Reggie spend some quality time together

Photo: Warner Bros

the whole show again. Newcomer Renfro is impressive, a refreshing change from the Macauley Culkin school of nauseating child actors.

The biggest down point lies in the film's inability to frighten us with the Mafia. Their main gangster is a Versace-clad caricature of all other Mafia hoods we've seen before. Barry "the Blade" Muldano is portrayed far too

comically to cause concern. The possibility of the young boy picking up the gangster's dress sense is a much more frightening one than the prospect of Mark being killed by him. In the end, the director Joel Schumacher appears to give up on the bad guys too as they become superfluous to the plot.

'The Client' is preferable to its predecessors because it al-

lows itself to be trashier and less pompous. It tries to create some shocks and thrills for the audience and doesn't succeed all that well, but you can't have everything. Bar the acting and some parts of the script (Sarandon-Renfro scenes), nowt to write home about.

The Client is on general release.

Artistic merits

The ICA's photography exhibition seen by Sarah Clifford



Claude Cahun's Autoportrait, 1928

Photo: ICA

Mise en Scène is a dynamic photographic exhibition predominated by the work of Claude Cahun. In a series of decadent fey portraits Cahun indulges in an exploration of human nature by focusing on the divergent aspects of per-

sona that merge to form a human personality. Cahun emerges from every black background in novel form, to confront the onlooker with another spectacular image of herself. She toys insatiably with societal's obsessional focus on personal image. Using masks,

make-up, mirrors and costume she illustrates the sheer frivolity of defining individuals through visual perception. Her portraits are liberating in their defiance of the conventional boundaries of gender, age, fashion and behaviour.

She appears concurrently as female, male, androgynous and transsexual as she is not afraid to demonstrate that her personality is a combination of all these elements. In the homosexual magazine *L'Amitié* (1925) she stated "my opinion about homosexuals and homosexuality is exactly the same as my opinion about heterosexuals and heterosexuality, it all depends on the circumstances. I claim a general freedom of behaviour." This philosophy can be seen to lie behind her work thus evoking drama, flamboyancy and extreme intensity. Some may be perturbed by the perverse artificiality of this exhibition, however if you willing to be open minded you will gain a lot from it.

Mise en Scène is now showing at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, The Mall, until the 27th November.



'Dome Gothic near the water', by Karl Friedrich Schinkel

Danny Silverstone gets romantic

As part of the festival *Deutsche Romantik on the South Bank* the Hayward Gallery are showing the exhibition 'The Romantic Spirit in German Art'. It is recommended to amateur art lovers.

Carl David Friedrich dominates the exhibition, and two of his pictures, 'Rising of the moon at the seaside', and a portrait of his daughter are especially compelling. In the first, the blurred interior of the canvas forces the eye to contemplate the rising moon. The effect is a feeling of benign transcendence. In the portrait of his daughter he simultaneously captures both her innocence and her wildness.

Paradoxically romanticism, the champion of the outsider has become inextricably associated with Nazi Germany. However

only two paintings, 'The Sower' and 'Farming family from Kalenberg' are explicitly connected. As obvious propaganda they are far removed from the original romantics and the link should be marginalised.

The second part of this huge exhibition is devoted to proving Romanticism's links with subsequent German art but is increasingly convoluted and unconvincing. It does mean that almost every school of art is on show including the ominous 'Expectation' by Richard Oelze and the poignant "Another Dance of Death from the year 1848" which brilliantly illustrates the dangers of popular upheaval. This diverse exhibition is bound to produce hours of reflection that Blake, Goethe and Friedrich valued so highly.

Literary

Literary

Literary

Make mine a sequel

The term "sequel" inpires much aside from hope, drenched as it is in cynicism, mediocrity and greed. We've all taken the Part II bait in some form or another, and, accordingly learned that, most often, the bigger Part I was the harder the follow up falls. Approaching Heller's continuation of the mighty *Catch 22* then, I had negative dispositions to fight off. Firstly, following a middling critical career, post *Catch 22* Heller wants a final round of more popular applause from the

cheap seats, secondly he wants more money, and finally he's transfixed with his own artistic monster. If only the novel had been on my side.

The best way of illustrating *Closing Times* deficiencies is to allow it to speak for itself. From the main man, Yossarian, chapter three, "Money does matter, more than almost anything else...There was radiation. Garbage. Pesticides, toxic waste and free enterprise...Nothing made sense and neither did anything else". Okay, now blend that with

the blunt suggestion in the title and you have a novel that self consciously sets out to work a confused path from the beginning of *The End to The End*. So, if the destination is ordained it must be the getting there that's of interest, right? Wrong. The journey is one of varied but ill fitting styles. To begin there's a chapter which reads like son of Garrison Keillor in all it's "way back nowness". Then there are great swathes that slouch along like a fatty film script. And of course, to make good the promise that will

shift copy we have lot's and lot's of contorted conversations that swivel on the possible semantic or syntactic ambiguities, a la *Big Daddy Catch 22*. Alas, ruptured form isn't enough. It doesn't rescue a middle brow narrative, on all that is wrong with a society that defines genius, as an ability to contravene it's own value system.

I rather suspect that Heller is proud of the *Catch 22* he found himself in the moment he decided to write *Closing Time* - he couldn't possibly emulate the

perfect cliché without wallowing in that cliché. Having once been asked if he could write a better book than *Catch 22*, Heller answered "Can anybody?". Looked at from this perspective, *Closing Time* would seem to serve Heller's sense of personal posterity extremely well.

Closing Time
by Joseph Heller
Simon & Schuster £14.99
Reviewed by: Simon Brampton

Faith & Credit: The World Bank's Secular Empire

"Why is the Thing so powerful?" asks Susan George and Fabrizio Sabelli in the conclusion to their most recent book, *Faith and Credit*. "The Thing" is the World Bank, and the question is the one that prevails throughout the book.

Faith and Credit, writes Laura Beaufls, seeks to dig into the workings of the World Bank, to understand how it has come to wield so much power, and why it has failed in its fifty-year life span to solve the most basic problems of development.

FACT1: The Bank makes massive profits, in recent years, well over a billion dollars annually.

FACT2: Through its projects and programmes, the Bank exercises more influence over education than UNESCO, over health than WHO, over the conditions of workers than ILO, over agriculture than FAO, over the environment than UNEP.

FACT3: the Bank's unelected technocrats play a growing international role, and "influence" (P.C. for "impose"?) not just the economic, but also the political and domestic policies of its client states through environmentally and socially detrimental projects or structural adjustment programmes.

FACT4: Conditionality (lend-

ing or financing a project in exchange for implementing such and such economic or political policy in the borrowing state) goes well beyond the explicit provisions of the Bank's Articles of Agreement.

Considering these facts, *Faith and Credit* asks some very pervasive questions. For instance, is the power of the Bank greater than its knowledge? Or, can a bank whose doctrine celebrates the market simultaneously claim that the sustainable reduction of poverty is its overarching goal? Are sustainable development and market economics not mutually exclusive? Does the Bank need the Poor more than the Poor need

the Bank?

The aim of the book is to analyse and understand the inner workings of the institution, and in so doing, S. George and F. Sabelli draw up the guiding analogy of the book: the Bank resembles the medieval Church. Both claim a monopoly on Truth, both have a rigid hierarchic structure, and the authors go as far as saying that "Both celebrate the poor rhetorically while refraining from actually improving their capacity to change their earthly lot." The book as a whole studies the contradictions within the World Bank. It analyses its structure,

"a feudal system of suzerain-vasal relationships", retraces its history, and explains the prospects for the future.

The book is especially relevant for students: first, it is very easy to read and thus you don't have to be an expert on the workings of international institutions to understand what's going on; and second, there is even a section on how to work for the World Bank - ie what qualifications are necessary to apply, what work is expected of you, etc. But then again, I for one, having reached the end of the book, feel completely discouraged to work for such an institution. Contentious.

SOCIETY REVIEW

BACCHANALIAN SOCIETY

"The Press and our Privacy"

by Ian Hislop, *Editor of Private Eye*
Tues 25 Oct at 1:00pm in The New Theatre (E171)

THE LSE DEBATING SOCIETY
Suggested List of Motions

"This House believes that aid breeds dependency"
Wed Oct 26 at 1:00pm in A85

"This House believes Democracy is government by the
mob"
Wed Nov 2 at 1:00pm in A85

DRAMA SOCIETY

Theatre Trip
"Sweet Bird of Youth" by Tennessee Williams

Friday, 28 Oct. 7:00pm
Tickets (£8.50) available on Tues, 25 Oct at 6:00pm in A85
or Phone (071 602 1738)

FABIAN SOCIETY

FREE Guided Tour of Houses of Parliament

Available to MEMBERS only.
All interested, leave your name at SU reception or in the
Fabian Society pigeonhole

LSE LABOUR CLUB

Guest speaker: Tory Benn, MP

1:00pm on Tues, 25 Oct. (Venue to be announced)
All Welcome

Beer and Sandwiches Party!!!

From 7:30pm, Tues. 25 Oct in the Underground
All Welcome

LSE LAW SOCIETY

Boat Party!!!

Thurs 27 Oct, leaving Charing Cross Pier at 8:00pm
Tickets on sale outside the Three Tuns 11:00am - 2:00pm
£5 Members
£7 Non-members

LIBERAL DEMOCRATS SOCIETY

Holding their weekly meeting on Thursdays at 12:00pm in
S401

PSYCHOLOGY SOCIETY

Talk by Peter Fenwich
Thurs 27 Oct at 7:00pm in S314

"Out of Body Experience"

SCHAPIRO CLUB

"Should the State Legislate to Protect our Privacy"

A Symposium with Carol Harlow, *Professor of Public Law, LSE*
Dr. Madsen Pirie, *Director of the Adam Smith Institute*
Robert Pinker, *Professor of Social Administration, LSE*
Thurs 25 Oct, 5:00 pm Rm C120 - All Welcome

LSESU ENTS PRESENTS

SECRET FLAME

Yearnings of the heart towards the beloved
Indian songs some composed by Mirabai and Kabir
performed by a former Buddhist nun
Thursday 27th October, 9pm
UNDERGROUND

The Chill Out Room

Cypress Hill, Massive Attack, John Lee Hooker Björk etc...
and a smooth, mellow mix of African, Reggae,
and hip-hop in a ruba dub style.
Plus slides by *anarchovision*
Friday 28th October

REFLECTIONS

-A Portrait of India-

featuring one of Britain's premier groups

"Masala"

A Variety Performance hosted by National Hindu Students Forum UK
to be held at The Logan Hall, Institute of Education, Central London
on Sat. 12 Nov, '94. Doors open 7:00pm

Tickets: £8 in adv.
Refreshments will be provided
Buy NOW to avoid disappointment!

Ticket Hot line 0956 590 465
LSE Contact Manoj 081 518 3302 or Darshana 071 831 7167.

The event is supported by the Hindu Students Forum LSE.

Public Lectures

Tues 25 Oct

*Doing Without Happenings: Three
Theories of Action*
by David-Hillel Ruben, *Professor of Philosophy*

5:30 pm Old Theatre
Chair: Dr. J.M. Ashworth, *Director*

Tues 1 Nov

*"London's Future as a World-Class
Financial Centre: A Positive
Programme"*

Sir Nicholas Goodison, *Chairman of the TSB Group*

5:30 Old Theatre
Chair: Professor Michael Leifer

AVALON PROMOTIONS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
RADIO 1 97-99 FM
PRESENTS

ROBERT NEWMAN

ONLY LONDON SHOW
THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
WEDNESDAY 26TH OCTOBER
at 8.00pm
Box Office 071 928 8800

THE DEPENDENCE DAY TOUR

Fancy yourself
as a comic?
LSESU Ents
presents
An Evening
of Open
Mikes

on
1st
November,
Underground
Entry £1
or free if
performing

Please contact
Gary Delaney on
071 955 7136
for more information

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

IN CONJUNCTION WITH
FAT BALD SINGING IMPRESARIO
EUGENE CHEESE
NOW IN IT'S 9TH YEAR

CHUCKLE CLUB

SATURDAY 29TH OCTOBER
IVOR DEMBINA
LINDSAY MORAN
IAN KEABLE

Every Saturday in the Underground Bar.
£4 Entry
ABUSIVE HECKLERS WILL BE
ASKED TO LEAVE

Fantasy BeaverBall™



Are any of these worth the money you're paying for them?

Photo: Joanna Arong

Fantasy Football is the craze that's sweeping the nation. You'll find it in every national newspaper, on radio 5 and on BBC 2, and now *The Beaver* gives you the chance to experience the spills and thrills, the agony and the ecstasy of managing a top football side. Unfortunately, the stringent copyright laws prevent us from using professional players so we're going to use the pride of WC2, the mighty men of New Malden, the 5 LSE football teams. Every 90 minutes that they battle through with the commitment and spirit that only representing this fine institution can incur, you too will feel the pride and the pain as everything they do will affect you in Fantasy BeaverBall™. Every goal that Angus Kinnear scores, every assist that Rainbow Nelson provides, every time that Carsten Thode fucks up and that Alex Lowen fumbles another easy shot into the back of the net, it will affect YOU.

IT'S SO EASY TO PLAY

Imagine the scenario: It's the start of the year and you have your grant cheque/parental contribution/£6 million a week from your Oil Sheikh Dad burning a hole in your pocket. Think again. Your thieving old bastard of a landlady has demanded 24 weeks rent in advance in cash, Fagan's put the prices up in the Tuns and you're still waiting on the bet that James Shield hasn't paid up in two years. All you've got left is your Student Loan. £1375 that you'd rather spend on a nice summer holiday is all you've got to spend on these LSE legends.

For those not accustomed to the rules, they go as follows:

You must select one goalkeeper, two full-backs, two centre-backs, four midfielders and two forwards. You must select **AT LEAST ONE PLAYER FROM EACH TEAM AND NO MORE THAN FOUR FROM ANY ONE SIDE.**

The point scoring is as follows:

- A GOAL 3 POINTS
- AN ASSIST 2 POINTS
- A CLEAN SHEET 4 POINTS
- A GOAL CONCEDED -1 POINT

The Players

GOALKEEPERS	TEAM	PRICE (£)
Dimitri Karcazes	1st	150
Paul Drew	2nd	75
Menno Faulkner	2nd	175
Alex Lowen	3rd	100
Alex McLeish	4th	125
Dan Coulcher	5th	100

FULL-BACKS	TEAM	PRICE (£)
Alun Howar	1st	150
Carsten Thode	1st(!!!)	0
Steve Curtis	1st	125
Chris Cooper	2nd	200
Danny Fieldin	2nd	150
Brendon McGraw	3rd	150
Mike Tattersall	3rd	125
Andy Graveson	3rd	50
Anil Pate	4th	100
Ed Elkin	4th	100
Johannes Hertz	4th	125
Elton James	5th	150
Jorsen Dalte	5th	100

CENTRE-BACKS	TEAM	PRICE (£)
Nick Charalambos	1st	125
Nick Blunden	1st	200
Graham Walker	2nd	150
Frank Novek	2nd	100
Paul Bradford	2nd	125
John Edipidi	3rd	100
Andreja Popov	3rd	125
Simon Gardiner	4th	75
Ian Devine	4th	25
Francis Matthews	4th	125
Graham Bell	5th	150
Chris Tattersal	5th	25

MIDFIELDERS	TEAM	PRICE (£)
Arne Niemann	1st	125
Jimmy Trees	1st	150
Dirk Pagenstert	1st	100
Rikos Leong-son	1st	125
Henrik Goebels	1st	100
Stewart Fry	2nd	150
Dave Keane	2nd	150
Nic Jones	2nd	125
Asif Rafique	2nd	150
Fernando E-Valda	3rd	100
Howard Wilkinson	3rd	100
Yi Guan	3rd	125
Matthew Miller	3rd	100
George Georgiou	3rd	100
Nick Stavrinides	3rd	50
Rob McDaniels	3rd	100
Dave Whippe	3rd	125
Sean Gollogly	4th	125
Thomas Gruce	4th	100
Bill Kissane	4th	125
Simon Virley	4th	100
Raj Paranand	4th	25
Jamie Moses	5th	200
Rashad Manna	5th	0
Johnny Parr	5th	175
Paul Jacklin	5th	100
Tilles Rahman	5th	25
Raphael Boulet	5th	75

FORWARDS	TEAM	PRICE (£)
Angus Kinnear	1st	200
Grant Delea	1st	150
Tim L/ford-Thomas	2nd	100
Matteo Motterilini	2nd	50
Steve Quick	2nd	50
Mburu Kierin	3rd	100
Bernie	3rd	100
Andrea Granditsch	4th	200
Takis	4th	75
Adrian Vetta	4th	175
Mark Gomes	5th	125
Takashz Takemura	5th	100

STRATEGY

Selecting a side may seem like an easy task, but it is important to remember that most of these players are not quite what they seem.

For instance, Tim Ludford-Thomas may seem like a great bargain at £100 but I play with him each game and quite frankly he couldn't hit a cow's arse with a banjo. Similarly, it may seem wise to choose a penalty-taker in your side such as Brendon McGraw, but he had more chance of scoring at Rosebery when serenading a minger, even though he was wearing shit clothes and hadn't had a shower after the match. And don't complain that Chris Cooper and Angus Kinnear are over-priced or anything because we're bloody great players and we're also running this show, alright!

WIN, WIN, WIN

This is a serious competition and there's going to be a monster of a prize (that's not a reference to Jimmy Trees by the way). Entrance is FREE but you must get your completed form in to the Beaver office (E197), or to one of the sexy sports editors by Friday night (28th) at the latest. The competition will then commence with the matches on Saturday 29th October and run through until the end of the season.

Please make an effort to enter this shimmering life-raft floating in the sea that is LSE apathy and finally GOOD LUCK.



**E F
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y !**

TEAM NAME: _____

(Not more than 20 words: Keep it clean)

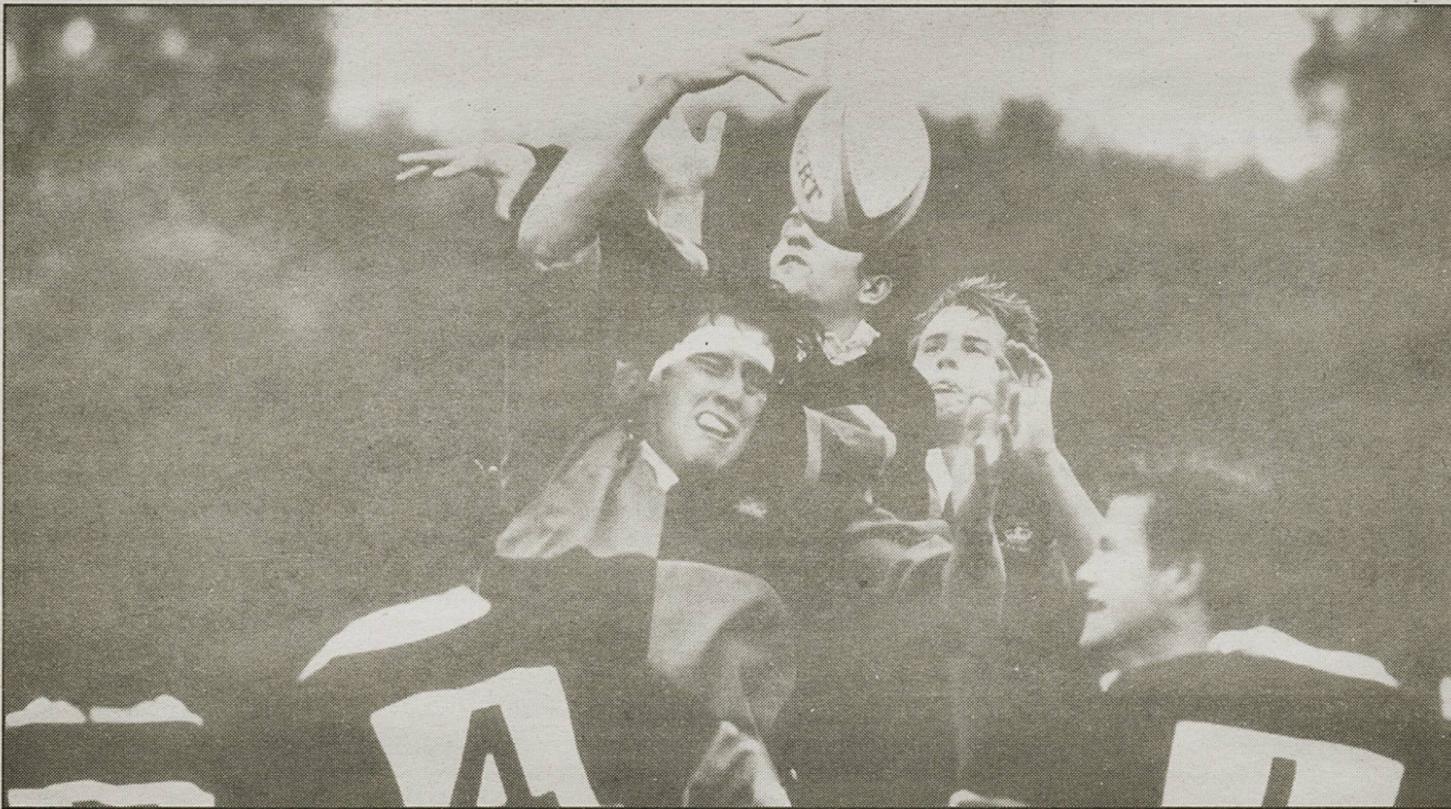
PLAYER	POSN	PRICE	MID
	GK		MID
	FB		MID
	FB		MID
	CB		FOR
	CB		FOR

TOTAL (≤£1375)

LSE vs the rest in a round up sort of thing

Club Noize

No 15: Walsall



Spot the LSE players as the Strand Poly boys jump for the ball

Photo: Nigel Boyce

Well, what a week it's been for LSE sports. Saturday saw two football and the women's hockey teams make the long trek to Shenley for an away fixture at UCL. The hockey girls made a tactical change for this match, choosing to use a goalkeeper, but still went down to a 2-0 defeat. The thirds didn't fare much better, as they were battered (not unlike their skipper the night before) 6-2, but the real drama came in the second team's match. 3rd team supersub Mike Tattersal made a great (jammy) run down the left and set up Tim Ludford-Thomas to open his account for the season. Tim's goal (which I'm surprised didn't make the front page due to shock value) appeared to have given LSE the points against last year's champions but a goal bound header was met with a great save by 'Captain Marvel' Cooper. Fine in theory, but as he was not in goal, the dastardly ref sent him away to get the showers running. That's two red cards in two games for the bad boys of LSE football and that doesn't include any contribution from Dave Keane yet. One penalty later

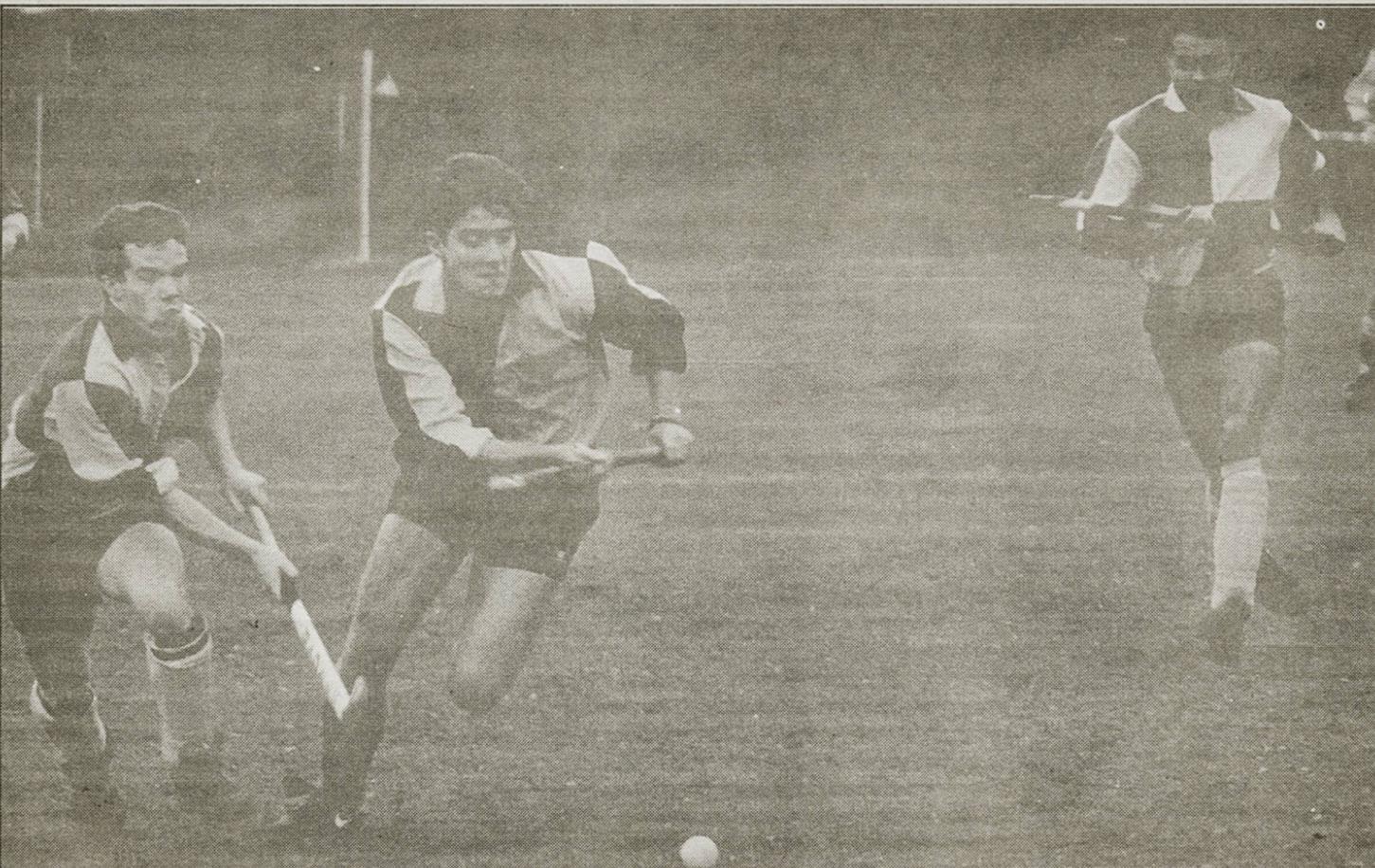
the points were shared. Danny Fielding had a particularly good game and fancies this girl called Alice from Commonwealth Hall. He said he'd kill me if I mentioned it so I won't.

Meanwhile, at Berrylands, the home-wrecking, scandal-mongering first team fell at the hands of Holloway but the fourths whacked UCL 7-0, with a hat-trick from new boy Andre Granditsch. The future looks rosier than Alex Lowen's cheeks for the fourths and honours will surely come provided that they get rid of that shit scouser.

Wednesday saw an away UAU fixture at Kings for the AU boys and girls. The Rugby first XV lost by around 20 points (this week Muttley was looking for me to give a report so maybe next week we'll get one) while the seconds lost 49-0 (big upset that!). LSE netball has never been a great success and with the graduation of several heavier players, the pack is looking rather weak. 50-16 sounds to me like a right hiding but it's a stupid game and only two people can score so who cares.

The football team went undefeated this time, with tremendously exciting goalless draws for the seconds and thirds. How the seconds cannot score bucket-loads of goals with the explosive strikeforce of Ludford-Thomas and Stevie Quick remains a baffling mystery, although Quick came very close to scoring at Saunders the night before, while the thirds, with such predators as Whippe and Wilkinson in their line-up, couldn't score in a brothel with fifty pound notes tied round their choppers.

Once again it was the fourths who stole the show, thumping Kings 6-2, with Adrian Vetta grabbing two goals. Scouse Gardiner failed to score at Kings, in a situation not dissimilar to every Friday night, but at least he didn't get kicked this time. Will they be able to take on last years second team mantle of LSE dream team? Only time will tell but Gardiner remains optimistic, saying, "We've started really well this year but very soon other teams will discover that I'm slow and crap, and I've got a pin-head and women find me repulsive." And so say all of us.



Two weeks ago I was walking around, lost, trying to find some boring politics lecture, when I stumbled upon the LSE Debating Society. They were discussing the motion "Watching football is better than sex." Anybody who has stood on the Coal Shed Roof (one of the stands) in a hailstorm, in the middle of winter, at The County Ground, Northampton, watching their beloved Walsall being contained to a gripping 0-0 draw, knows there is no dispute on the matter. You can have sex any time; it's usually cheaper than a East Stand ticket at Walsall. For Walsall fans, glory, fulfilment and satiation comes every fifty years, and some of us can't wait that long.

In 1933 we beat Arsenal 2-0 in the FA Cup. In 1983 we turned them over again. In the same year we got to the semi final of the Milk Cup (now Coca-Cola Cup), drew 2-2 at Anfield with the then invincible Liverpool, before being robbed by a blind, deaf and anally retarded referee in the 2nd leg at Fellows Park. Walsall were in the Third Division for about 30 years, until a play-off victory over Bristol City in 1987 by 4 goals to nil gave us promotion. Next season; capitulation; the club set a league record with just 4 wins all season, and suffered the embarrassment of a 7-0 defeat at home to Chelsea. The manager was sacked. Next year, same story. Bottom of the league. Relegation. Manager sacked. What the hell, the board thought. We'll move grounds. So Walsall moved to a brand, new, all-seater stadium at Bescott Park, appropriately enough the site of an old sewage works. The Chairman then left, as he had to go off for a spell at Her Majesty's pleasure following arrest on drugs, fraud and indecency charges.

In the Cup Walsall's recent record has been moderate; just the odd victory over the greats of Amersham, Aylesbury and Telford. This year a first leg 2-1 victory over West Ham promised great things; however, sanity was restored in the second leg; we went down 2-0.

But now a golden era dawns. We've recently appointed a new manager; Chris Nicoll, ex Southampton; he's replaced Kenny Hibbit, who has finally been sacked on the reasonable grounds that he's got a crap moustache, always wears a turquoise shell suit (ala David Icke) and didn't win anything. Since Hibbit's departure, Walsall have won 5 league games on the spin; scoring 15 goals in the process. The team are sponsored by Age Concern; the average age is 32, and tried recently to sign Roger Milla, the Cameroon star of the 92 world cup, who is a positively youthful 42 years old. Amazingly Milla was not tempted by the offer of Black pudding, scenic views of the West Midlands steel works, and the sheer architecture of the M6, and opted for life in Italy instead.

Three years ago the Walsall manager appointed the talented defender Peter Skipper as Captain, an inspired choice. He set a club record; he scored 7 own goals in the season. He's now gone on to bigger and better things; he now plies his trade with Grimsby.

Houghton Street Harry

Living in London is a great experience but it does have its drawbacks, and travelling is certainly one of them. Driving is nigh on impossible due to lack of parking, heavy traffic and lunatics and walking through Central London reduces your life expectancy even more than tap dancing and playing trumpets. That leaves one real option-London Underground. When I think of the concept I shudder with fear. A confined area overflowing with social misfits struggling in gloomy, dank conditions surrounded by a wretched stench. It's not difficult to see why the LSE Underground gets its name.

There are two times at which London Underground comes into its own, the first being rush hour. The sight of executive fat bastards trying to read their Guardians squeezed into seats clearly designed for Kate Moss is never a dull one, while Harry has frequently pissed himself at the numerous occasions when they get their paper/coat/briefcase/head crushed in the doors as punishment for getting on a packed tube.

The other is at the witching hour, when the nights drinking finally catches up on those unfortunate souls with only this method of transport to fall back on. Now, it is a medical fact that, even if you have your bladder surgically removed, the moment the doors shut you will be dying for a piss. Will power is one thing but London Transport counter this with slow trains that stop at other stations for ages while you wriggle about, and think of England. Rules of drinking state that if you don't need a piss at this stage then you have an obligation to feel sick, and the rocking to and fro does nothing to deter this. Unfortunately, trains are designed with acoustics and lighting such that everyone else in your carriage sees and hears you chunder and, being pissed themselves, they take their chance to be really funny and mock your miserable state.

Now the Underground is not cheap but to their credit London Transport do everything in their power to keep fares at a minimum by using their sites to hold international events. Every week hundreds of hopefuls cross the globe to meet in London for the International Dawdling Championships while Finsbury Park Station is the daily venue for the All-England Stop and Turn Round Suddenly Open. Anyone can enter these prestigious competitions but success is improbable against veterans with years of experience in these fields.

I'll end this week with a word of warning. Regardless of how often you use the Underground, there are two places which only those deserving of the worst kind of punishment should ever have the misfortune of showing up. The first is the labyrinth that is Baker Street. It's a wonder that Sherlock Holmes ever managed to solve any mysteries when he had to start his journey from this maze which changes every time you go there. Avoid it at your peril. The other is Challenge Cup Saturday at Euston Station, gateway to the south for those fat, bitter-drinking "dick-head" Rugby League bastards from Lancashire and Yorkshire. They come early and flock to Oxford Street, not knowing that in order to afford anything they'll have to sell their youngest child instead of throwing them in the river with a sackful of bricks. Go there just for a laugh but leave your farmyard animals at home.

Thode in 'good game' shocker

LSE 1st XI 2 Kings College 0

After Saturday's one-nil reversal at the hands of Royal Holloway, spirits were low in the first team camp. Skipper Nick CherrylostonMollybos took solace in the meagre fare on offer at Rosebery but come Wednesday the time for results had arrived. A game against local rivals Kings (who the firsts had not beaten away for nine years) was the perfect opportunity to set matters straight and get marching on the UAU trail again. And boy did they do it!

LSE seemed to have taken the lead after 20 minutes when Nick "Belinda" Blunden found space on the goal line but contrived to miss from less than an inch. To be honest, long balls from the back are his forte and I don't think he can spell subtlety so this was no surprise.

Dimitri Shaveyourshitgoateeov kept LSE in it with a string of fine saves and it was goalless at the turn. Nick ChunderatTequilabos roused his rabble with stirring talk relating to Saturday's performance (I hope he meant the match because his Rosebery effort would inspire no-one) and his words did not go unheeded.

Promising first year Steve 'bulimia shit blue jumper' Curtis swung in a cross from the right for Angus Kinnear to volley home "acrobatically." Curtis's raiding down the right flank will stand him in good stead this year (especially if he keeps buying drinks for the sports editors), while Kinnear's abusive use of adjectives will surely catch up with him next time he has a 'mare. The game was settled minutes later when Grant 'I pull twelve year-olds at Hollywoods' Delea saw his cross-cum-cross-cum-fluke-cum-mishit-cum shot

spawn its way into the top corner.

And that was all she wrote. Kings tried their hardest but the defence was as tight as Jimmy "whose round is it?" Trees. This was the first clean sheet that the first XI has kept in three years, coincidentally the same period of time that Carsten Thode has spent in the side and hasn't pulled either. Being honest though, Thode had a blinder and if he keeps this up then we'll have to start taking the piss out of Blunden instead. Well, when we say blinder we actually mean that none of the goals were his fault (because there weren't any) but if there were they probably would have been. Progress in the UAU is now virtually assured and no team can surely relish the thought of coming up against the 'lager and lemonade' army in the next round. Oh, and by the way, Jimmy Trees asked us to say that he played really well so we will.



LSE and Kings try and set a spot the ball competition without removing the ball

Photo: Nigel Boyce

LSE's 9 hockey knights do battle with Kings & Queens

Ramesh Kurmaran
& Erik Jamieson

The first game of the season was against Queen Mary's. Usually a tough fixture and our team managed to produce some fleeting moments of brilliance in between the many gasps for breath and stomach clutchings. However, although clearly the better side, the game grinded to a one-all draw: the solitary LSE goal scored by Sundeep 'Klinsman'-who later celebrated in the true bacchus tradition

by being carried away on an ambulance (Rosebery Party).

The next fixture was against Strand Poly (KCL to you unwise people out there). From what we know about last years fixture, the words "seven and nil" and "we got trashed" forewarned the pre-match talk. Determined and committed as ever, our magnificent 9 faced their formidable 11, in what must now surely be in the LSE Hockey history books as the closest fought game.

After the first 15 minutes of close shaves, the LSE managed to counter-attack with tremendous zeal. But after this 2 minute burst, the rest of the half

was sent retrieving the ball from the back of the net. Usually a demoralising exercise in small quantities, picking it up 5 times proved taxing.

The second half saw a much improved LSE IX who restricted the avalanche of goals to a mere and rewarding 2. However, the determination and overall team skill displayed in this latter half was an indicator of great things to come- maybe 10 of us will play soon.

Losing seven-nil may not have corresponded with our particular forecast, but as the LSE anthem goes: "we don't care what you say, you'll be working for us one day!"